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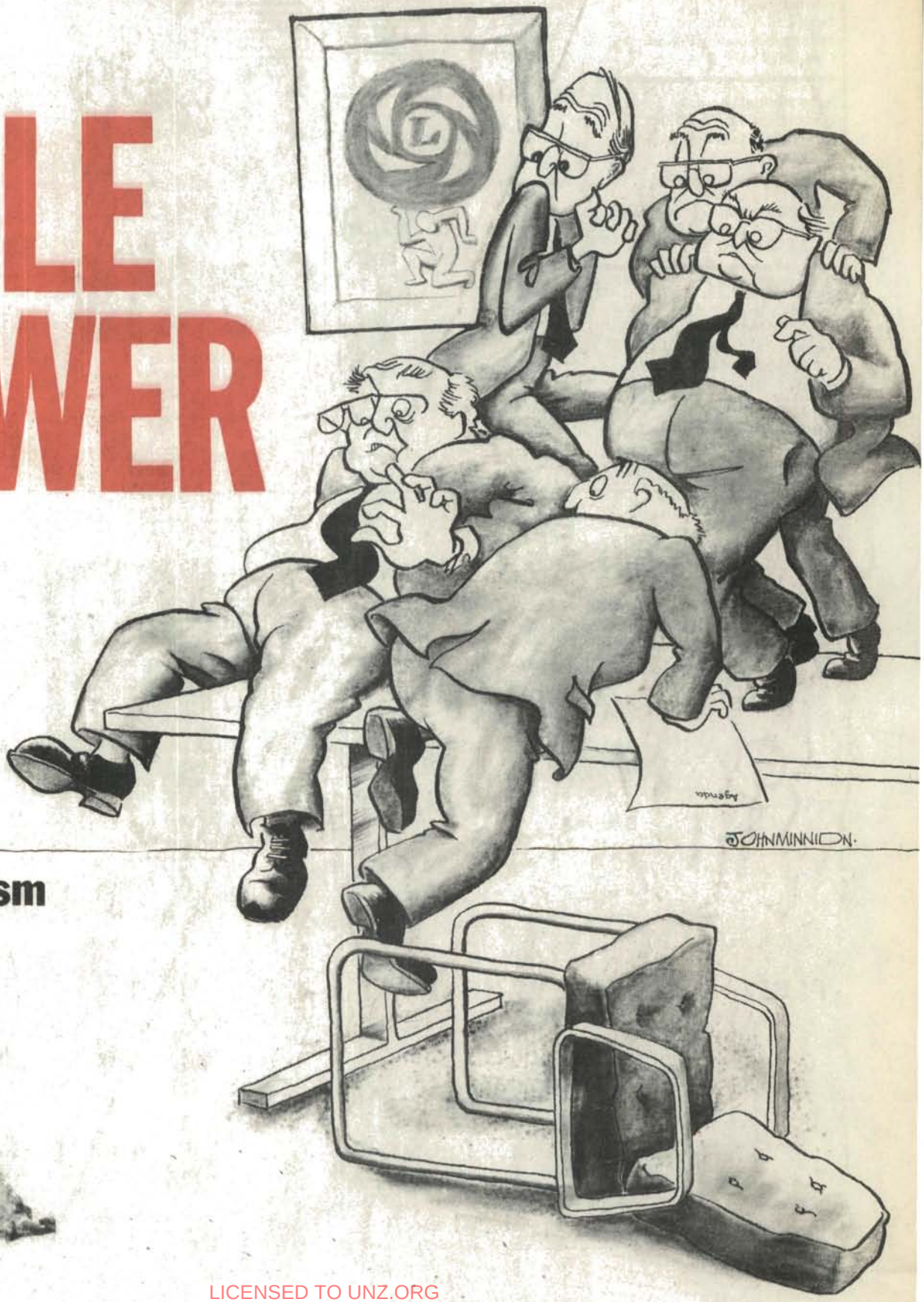
New Statesman

MOLE POWER

PLUS: E P Thompson watches the fleet

Dave Elliott: eco-socialism



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New Statesman Vol 106 No 2735 19 August 1983

Not the right deputy

AS THE LABOUR leadership campaign wends its way to its conclusion at Brighton next month, it appears that the position of a formally elected deputy leader has caused the party little but trouble. It is not even as if the post has any practical importance or constitutional significance. It was invented as a status symbol to accommodate the political position and ego of Herbert Morrison. It was similarly useful in order to flatter the disappointed George Brown. But as a political position it gives its holder relatively less power and influence even than that of Vice-President of the United States, which is close to zero. And Vice-Presidents sometimes make it to the top, which deputy leaders never do. But, if in the past the post of deputy leader has been merely a status symbol, now it has become a symbol of the power struggles and policy debates within the party.

What the post now symbolises is whether the Left or the Right is ascendant in the Labour Party. Yet an exclusive victory for either the Left, which does embrace Neil Kinnock, or the Right, of which Roy Hattersley is undoubtedly a member, would be a Pyrrhic victory. In particular, if the right were excluded, causing further actual or moral defections, the Labour Party would become a rump. The project that it could then join up with other socialist groups to form a new, streamlined Socialist Party, is profoundly unrealistic. If Right and Left inside the Labour Party cannot tolerate each other, a rump Labour Party is unlikely to be humbly welcoming to new partners.

In our 5 August issue we carried a letter from Michael Meacher (who could now emerge as the front runner for the deputy post) in which he understandably bridled at our previously expressed view that his election would not be in the best interests of the party. He asked that our prejudices should not in future stand in the way of rational analysis. But it is not a question of prejudice. It is a question of recognising the power of political symbolism. Most of the arguments being advanced in favour of his candidacy miss, or deliberately ignore, this point. For they are couched in terms of the deputy leadership being an important and functioning political office, which it is not and never will be.

The main argument now being advanced for the 'Kinnock-Meacher ticket' is that the factional 'balance' in the leadership in recent years has been a disaster. In the first place that is not true and in the second, even if it were true, it would be irrelevant. Whatever the long and short run causes of Labour's decimation at the polls in June, the fact that Michael Foot had a right-wing deputy was scarcely one. The prolonged and bitter and very public fight for the job between Healey and Benn *was* certainly one of them, but that is a different matter.

It is not true either that those who are against the Kinnock-Meacher ticket have taken that position because they want the Labour Party to drop all its radical policies, or give up the politics of principle simply in order to look for future majority support in the country. On the contrary, the only hope and purpose for the Labour Party is that it should once again become the political vehicle for radical reform. The division of the ways at which the Party stands after June is whether it is to become a minority pressure group in the House of Commons, seeking reform by persuasion or by coalition with others; or whether it can find the way to create a new fusion of political elements into a radical force capable of forming a majority government by itself within the next decade. Either course would make political sense. Many democracies have viable minority socialist movements, which seek and achieve their main influence not in parliament but the wider institutions of society and the work-place.

BUT, IF YOU take the view that Labour would be failing in its historic role if it now gave up its claim to be the only viable alternative to continuing Conservativism (in its present Thatcherite or any other form), then a new beginning is required. The reason why Kinnock has emerged with such substantial support for leader is precisely a reflection of the scale of the political transformation that has to be achieved by the party. A new start of this kind clearly requires someone as leader who is as little tainted as possible by the cumulative political failures of the past decade and who can bring a new style to the politics of the Left. Kinnock holds out that hope. But it must candidly be said that the election of Meacher as his deputy would be a clear and public symbolic statement that the party as a whole was not ready for a new start, but was still bedded in caucus politics. It would also declare that the party still insists that all that matters in leadership is position, and that personal qualities of leadership are irrelevant. That view has always been a delusion.

It seems not to have sunk into the consciousness of those for whom caucusing is the main activity and pleasure of politics that the party is in its gravest condition for half a century. Those with shorter political memories have been pointing to the election defeat of 1959, when it also seemed as if Labour was doomed to semi-permanent opposition, but which was followed (despite the bitter Gaitskellite internal battles over Clause Four and unilateralism) by the Wilson election victory five years later. It is a false analogy.

For, despite that defeat, the traditional coalition of organised labour and the radical middle class was still essentially intact. More importantly, Labour was (and was seen to be) the only viable alternative to the sitting Tory government. Neither of these things is true today.

At such a moment in the party's history there is no time for further internal power struggling. The party must turn outwards to forge the new political alliances of the Left and to develop its new political lines and systematically campaign for them. The tragedy for Michael Meacher is that he has been adopted by one particular wing of the party as the candidate who will show that the Left is now at last in total control. All that can be said is that, if such politicking continues into 1984, Neil Kinnock's chances of being an effective leader and the chances of the party refinding its political mission will be gravely damaged. □

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Housing Benefit for Northern Ireland

A REVOLT by the Northern Ireland Assembly, which had rejected proposals to introduce Housing Benefit in view of the chaos being wrought by the scheme in Great Britain, collapsed at the end of the Parliamentary session. The proposals were finally voted through the House of Commons by a large majority. Housing Benefit will now be introduced in Northern Ireland next November.

The new Housing Benefits scheme is already making one household in eight worse off in England, Wales and Scotland, and in its report the Assembly set an agenda for improvements whose principle was that there should be no losers. The report estimated that the introduction of a 'no loser' scheme in Northern Irlenad would cost only £2 million.

Northern Ireland Secretary James Prior is said to have argued forcibly in cabinet for the 'no loser' amendment, but was defeated by the Secretary of State for Social Services, Norman Fowler, and by Chancellor Nigel Lawson.

They objected on the grounds that to extend the 'no loser' amendment to the rest of the country would cost £70 million. This is not an exorbitant sum, being only two per cent of the total cost of Housing Benefit paid to claimants, but it would nevertheless violate the government's commitment to design a scheme costing no extra money.

Instead, the government has given way on some of the Northern Ireland Assembly's subsidiary demands. It has extended the 'transitional arrangements' – temporary payments to help cushion the blow to losers over the first couple of years; it has brought forward by six months an increase in child allowances and has amended Housing Benefit to allow greater equity between different categories of claimant. (Under the system as it currently operates in Great Britain, 'certificated' claimants on supplementary benefit do much worse than 'standard' claimants – see 'Whose Benefit?' *NS*, 29 April 1983.) These concessions cost £½ million – a quarter of what it would have cost to do a proper job and improve the whole scheme.

Although little more than a temporary palliative, the concessions were enough to buy the support of Official Unionist MPs, who withdrew their objections to the introduction of Housing Benefit. When the matter was debated in Parliament on 20 July, the only opposition came from an uneasy alliance of Democratic Unionists (Paisleyites) and the Labour Party.

Housing campaigners in Britain, who had been looking to the Northern Ireland revolt as a lever for improvements, can take small comfort from this. The one hope is that 'standard' and 'certificated' claimants can now be brought into line and receive equal treatment throughout the country.

Meanwhile, British local authorities continue to struggle with Housing Benefit. One of their major worries is over the question of who pays. In its 1983/84 estimates, central government budgeted only £3.5 million for setting-up costs (to cover everything from accommodation and office equipment to staff training), with a further £16.7 million for net additional expenditure in operating the scheme. The latter figure was recognised as far too low and has been bumped up to £25 million. But even the revised amount – which works out at some £50,000 per local council – is totally inadequate, considering that some authorities have had to recruit 40 or 50 new staff to deal with Housing Benefit.

Treasurers' departments were saying this week that it was too early to give any idea of the real cost to the council. But, as the Senior Assistant Treasurer at Oldham put it, 'Housing Benefit affects many different departments – rents, rates, the computer section – and a great deal of the costs are *hidden*'.

The government has undertaken to reimburse local authorities in full, but even some Tory authorities are apparently already having their expenditure questioned. There is widespread disquiet in Town Halls and Local Authority Associations about how central government will react once the true costs of Housing Benefit are revealed.

Ros Franey

Funny figures

MARGARET Thatcher has made the astonishing claim that 150,000 jobs would be lost if Britain cut off exports to South Africa. This emerged during Prime Minister's Question Time on 28 June, when she was criticised over shipping men and materials through South Africa on route to the Falklands airport.

The remark came as something of a surprise, because even the UK-South Africa Trade Association, which has always over-emphasised British economic dependence on these links, mentions a number not in excess of 70,000. Their findings are the result of a survey carried out by the CBI, backed up by UK-SATA research.

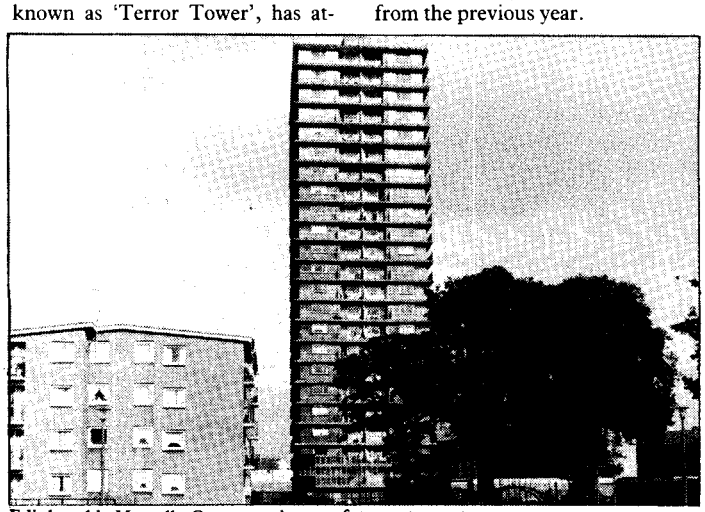
On 13 July, George Robertson MP asked Mrs Thatcher to publish 'a breakdown of the 150,000 British jobs dependent on exports to South Africa'. She replied that these were mainly in mechanical and electrical engineering, vehicle components, chemicals and plastics.

When, eight days later, Mr Robertson came back to ask for detailed numbers in each category, the Prime Minister could only reply that the figure was 'a broadly based calculation' and that detailed statistics were not available. Argument now rages as to whether the claim was a mistake or an act of gullibility – or whether it is a preamble to an attempted expansion of trade links with Pretoria.

Martin Bailey

Collapse of Terror Tower?

A COUNCIL tower block in Edinburgh, that was sold into private ownership three years ago, has run into severe financial difficulties. Martello Court, which used to be known as 'Terror Tower', has attracted admiration from all over Britain as a successful experiment in privatisation. It is now clear that all is not as rosy as it has been painted.



Chris Hill

Edinburgh's Martello County: private safety – at a cost

At least half of the 86 households in the block have had problems in meeting the rising common service charges, and approaching half a dozen flats are thought to have been repossessed by the district council because of mortgage defaults. The estate agents, William O'Neill and Partners, gave up as factors for the building in disillusionment earlier this year, and are still pursuing seven court cases for the recovery of debt. The factor from William O'Neill, Denis Batts, said that the difficulties were so acute that it could end up with 'horror stories' like the lift in the 22-storey building failing to operate because the electricity bill could not be paid. He made it clear that his firm would be very cautious about taking on a similar project in the future.

Martello Court was built in 1965 and soon became the most notorious council housing scheme in Edinburgh, a prime target for vandals and graffiti. Conservative-controlled Edinburgh District Council evacuated the block in 1978, considered demolishing it, but, in the end, decided to put it on the market. In 1980 they entered into a partnership with property developer John Mackay, who invested nearly £½ million in installing an entryphone system, building an enclosing 11-feet high wall and carrying out various other improvements. The flats were sold mostly to first-time buyers for around £10,000, with the aid of 100 per cent local authority loans.

The main problem has been the common service charges, which residents are meant to pay in advance each year. The payment for 1981-82 was £232 (including insurance), which rose by 40 per cent to £326 in 1982-83, mostly because of a deficit from the previous year.

While all those involved in the project, including the residents, still regard Martello Court as a success in combating poor housing conditions, the financial problems have come as a surprise. The commonest explanation is that too many council tenants were pushed into home ownership without a full appreciation of the burden they were taking on. Observers like Shelter point out that, if the district council had carried out the improvements and continued to rent out the flats, these problems might never have arisen.

Rob Edwards

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Unseemly TUC squabbling

AMONG UNION general secretaries there is much fretting over who will take the coveted places on the General Council of the TUC.

The once jubilant right-wing union leaders, who believed that this Autumn would bring elevation to the General Council without need of election, are beginning to see their prize slip away.

Even if delegates at this year's Trades Union Congress endorse the new system of election to the General Council – 35 seats for unions with more than 100,000 members and elections for 11 seats among the smaller unions – it may not mean a place for life.

For Roy Grantham, General Secretary of the Association of Professional Executive, Clerical and Computer Staff, who bitterly resented his exclusion from the General Council, the problem is his union's declining membership.

The union has affiliated to the TUC on 112,000 members, just qualifiying for a seat, though it is hard to believe that APEX only lost 11,000 members in the 12 months to December 1982. Next year, the union may not make it.

The other threat to those looking forward to an uncontested seat is the progress that the Left makes in pressing for General Council nominees to be elected. So far, two unions have voted to give conference delegates the choice of who will represent their union on the General Council.

Next year, anyone who has been a member of the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs for five years will be able to challenge Clive Jenkins for the union's automatic seat on the General Council.

In the Local Government's Officers Union, NALGO, two of the three union seats will be elected by its Conference, though only members of the Union's executive are eligible for nomination. More unions can be expected to follow.

Though there is still deep division about switching to a system that gives unions of a larger size automatic seats (only the six places reserved for women will be elected by all unions, ensuring that male-dominated delegations will decide), it may be that after six years a majority has been wearied into submission.

Even in the Transport and General Workers Union, where opposition was strongest, resignations can be detected. The Union is determined to maintain its influence by affiliating its newly acquired dyers' membership and agricultural workers' membership as separate unions.

Unless it is successful, the Right wing will dominate elections for the 11 seats to be divided among the 75 smaller unions. If the Right takes most of the elected seats, as well as around 19 automatic seats, the General Council will shift markedly in its direction.

Much secret vote trading is in progress (though forbidden by the Constitution of the TUC); at one time, three slates were circulating.

The more public squabbling over who is fiddling membership figures to get extra seats, and the more private wheeler-dealing there is, the more it will look unseemly, at a time when unions are defending their democratic procedures against a hostile government.

Geraldine Hackett

Paul Cleeland denied doctor

PRISON AUTHORITIES refused this week to let an independent doctor into Gartree prison to examine a man who claims he is being administered drugs against his will. Prison doctors have denied the charge.

The prisoner, Paul Cleeland, believes he is being given the drugs to affect his mind, and thus make his protestations of innocence less credible. He is serving a 20-year sentence for a murder, but there are many reasons to question the evidence on which he was convicted (see *NS* 5 August).

Cleeland claims that on 12 August drugs secretly administered to him gave him severe chest pains lasting over 12 hours. These were followed by palpitations, sweating and a numbness in his hands and feet. Although he requested to see a doctor, at no time during the day of his attack or the following day was he examined. When his aunt visited him two days later, he still, he claims, had not seen a doctor, even though he had lodged an official complaint.

For several months, Cleeland had been asking to see an external doctor and to have a blood test to ascertain whether he really has been given drugs. A few weeks ago, his mother tried to smuggle a sample of his blood out of the prison, but was caught and threatened with prosecution. 'I do not feel I was taking anything that was not mine,' Mrs Cleeland said later. 'My son's blood is my blood.'

Paul Cleeland's mother, stopped from taking out her son's blood sample

Under British law, Cleeland has a right to see an outside doctor, but not one of his choice. In 1981, however, the World Medical Assembly meeting in Lisbon issued a declaration of the rights of patients which includes the right to choose your doctor and the right of a patient 'to be cared for by a physician who is free to make clinical and ethical judgements without any outside interference'.

Simon North

MISCELLANY

Tip for the top

Following the dramatic carnage in the retinue of policy advisers at 10 Downing Street since the general election, a new wave of idealistic young men is lining up to fill the vacancies. Already appointed is Oliver Letwin, who joined the policy unit on 1 August after a year as Sir Keith Joseph's political adviser at the Education Department (Letwin, educated at Eton and Cambridge, is clearly in an excellent position to understand the problems of the state education system). But we wait with fear and trembling the appointment of a replacement for Sir Alan Walters, Mrs Thatcher's economic adviser, who departs for the US next month. Our tip for the top is 'Dr Mad' – Madsen Pirie, the president of the Adam Smith Institute, the well-known Westminster-based registered charity.

Target practice

Pilotless aircraft used as targets by the Ministry of Defence in secret firing trials over the Irish Sea excite much interest among holidaymakers crowding the Cardigan Bay coast near Harlech. One recently demonstrated its potential danger to the sun-seekers. Earlier this month one of the planes – they have a 20 ft wing span and resemble small jets – crashed when coming in to land at the airfield there. But for a handy sand dune it would have plunged into a busy caravan park with horrific consequences. The machine was one of many flown from the base at Harlech which is run by civilian employees of Airwork Services under contract to the MoD. Just how many of the robots – officially known as Jindvics and manufactured in Australia – are based there remains a secret. They have a top speed of 500 mph and are controlled by a real aircraft which 'mothers' them in flight: on this occasion the 'son' turned into a delinquent drop-out.

Unemployment benefit

Having given up a safe seat, lost an even safer one, and not even been selected for a safer one still (Penrith, which only he could have lost to the Liberals in last month's by-election), we are happy to report that yet another unemployed ex-MP has found a resting place. As the only sitting Tory MP to lose his seat in the general election, Iain Sproat has had to fall back on the less discriminating City: he has been taken on as a 'consultant' by Rothschild merchant bank. A spokesman for the bank refused to say what he would be doing.

Pearls before swine 1

Shirley Williams has been demonstrating that, contrary to previously received opinion, the SDP does have a policy for reducing unemployment. Currently unemployed herself, Shirl the Pearl is heading a 'research team on unemployment and new technology which is looking at ways of generating jobs through labour-intensive technology', according to the first issue of the GLC-supported magazine for the unemployed, *London Work Out*. In an in-depth interview she points out that the late-Sixties 'baby boom' is coming to an end. 'If you compare the 1979-84 period with the figures for 1984-89,' she says, '25 per cent fewer youngsters will be reaching unemployment age.' So that's all right then.

Pearls before swine 2

Shirley Porter, the interesting new leader of Westminster City Council has been passing on her thoughts on worker management relations. In an interview in the *Jewish Chronicle* she says 'I have learnt that if you want to make people productive you must talk to them so that you can understand them, and you must give them fun and motivation.' Ms Porter is the same person who sent letters to each of the council's 6,000 employees sternly instructing them to pull their socks up. Lest any of them should have read the interview and accused her of inconsistency, she added: 'I think politics suits a butterfly mind such as mine.'

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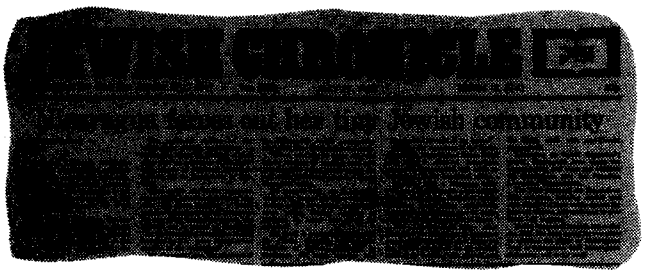
Long arm of President Reagan



Interesting timing in the *Jewish Chronicle*

FOLLOWING the report in the *New Statesman* of 5 August by Claudia Wright on Israeli involvement in the United States' Central American policy, evidence comes to light that President Reagan's influence has spread to the United Kingdom. In a lead article of 27 May, the *Jewish Chronicle* headlined a story: 'Nicaragua forces out her tiny Jewish community.' The piece maintained that 50 families have been expelled, property confiscated and the main synagogue in Managua converted into a youth club and covered with anti-Zionist slogans and posters.

Two men in particular, Issac Stavisky and Abraham Gorn, are said to have been victimised, made to clean the streets and threatened with bomb attacks. What is surprising about the article is that the incidents it records took place in 1979; only now, in the middle of the Washington involvement in the region, does the story surface.

The author of the article is Leon Hadar, an Israeli journalist based in America who is described by the *Jewish Chronicle* as 'a very fine journalist but rather difficult to track down' – he has certainly proved to be the latter. Hadar followed up the story in the Chronicle with another article, this time titled: 'Reagan condemns Sandinistas' acts', which reported a White House briefing called by President Reagan and addressed by leading Jewish Latin American experts.

No contrary comment appeared in the paper until a letter was published from Nicaraguan Ambassador Francisco d'Escoto, accusing the *Jewish Chronicle* of 'a lack of seriousness and maturity' and alleging that using such information now as 'making a direct response to the White House's campaign to persuade ethnic groups and Jewish organisations to support President Reagan's Central American policy.' He also claimed that both Mr Gorn and Mr Stavisky were connected with the government of Somoza and that the confiscated synagogue was registered in the name of Abraham Gorn.

That American pressure may have reached this country has surprised several Jewish commentators, but *Jewish Chronicle* editor Geoffrey Paul sees no influence or manipulation. 'The story is quite legitimate and fair,' he said, 'and I would have been annoyed if we hadn't been given it. Everybody concerned is reputable and OK by us.'

Mike Coren

Lost prisoners

ONE of the four people convicted of the Guildford and Woolwich pub bombings in 1975 has been caught up in the recent Albany prison protest. All four have always asserted their innocence.

The bombings in question were later claimed by Brendan Dowd and three members of the 'Balcombe Street IRA Active Service Unit'. But Paul Hill was sentenced to life imprisonment, with a recommendation from the Judge that he should never be released.

According to Patrick Hill, Paul's brother, Paul was in C Wing at Albany when the May protest began. Prisoners in C Wing were *not* involved in the original protest, when four prisoners went onto a workshop roof. But Patrick says (and he bases this on his brother's statements during a visit) that, the next day, prisoners in C Wing knew that something was happening elsewhere in the prison. A small group, including Paul, decided to stage their own protest. Before anything had happened, however, a group of 20-30 officers, dressed in riot gear and carrying staves, came onto the wing. All the prisoners, including Paul, gave themselves up immediately.

About seven or eight prisoners were then transferred from Albany to nearby Parkhurst, where Paul Hill was placed naked in the 'strongbox' cell of Parkhurst's F Wing – the hospital wing. The 'strongbox' is a specially designed cell, usually containing no fixed furniture (often no furniture at all) for the use of allegedly violent or 'uncontrollable' prisoners. Paul was kept here overnight and transferred the next day to Strangeways prison in Manchester.

During the approximately three weeks that Paul was kept in Strangeways, both his family and the Relatives and Friends of Irish Prisoners Committee say that his mail was interfered with by the prison authorities. A letter from Paul's girlfriend in Belfast, sent to Parkhurst, was returned marked 'Address not known'. A parcel sent by his sister-in-law, Ann Hill, was returned similarly marked. It was not until a half-page letter was received from Paul that his family knew that he had been transferred to Strangeways.

Paul was then transferred to Wormwood Scrubs where he was to have had a Board of Visitors hearing on 19 July. He was one of 31 prisoners charged with mutiny, following the Albany protest.

Before the Prison Department abandoned the mutiny proceedings, which were being reluctantly conducted by Board of Visitors, Paul Hill's hearing was postponed, because – according to information from the prison – a Wormwood Scrubs prisoner had emptied the contents of a chamber-pot over Albany prison officers who were there to give evidence. Paul was subsequently transferred back to Strangeways, shortly before he was due to be visited by his brother, on Saturday 23 July.

As far as is known Paul Hill is still in Strangeways and petitioning to be returned to Wormwood Scrubs, so that his mother, who lives in Belfast, can have a series of extended visits. Having the visits in London considerably reduces the expense and difficulty for his mother, who can then stay with his family in London.

The Home Office has refused to release the names of prisoners on mutiny charges, or any other information relating to hearings or sentences. Its Prison Department finally dropped the charges this week after the High Court ordered a judicial review of the procedure of the hearings. It is widely regarded as denying basic civil rights.

However, sentences already meted out under this same procedure have not been withdrawn and it is known that prisoners have been sentenced to terms of loss of remission ranging from 400 to 670 days. In addition, sentences of 56 days solitary confinement have been passed.

Terry O'Halloran

Home for history

A HISTORY Workshop Centre for Social History will be established this autumn at Ruskin College, Oxford, giving the group a permanent base and what they see as an opportunity for 'a major initiative'. The project came to fruition after a six-month working party and support from Ruskin in the form of two research fellowships and an initial grant.

Organisers claim that the undertaking is a positive step, at a time when the response to economic and ideological attacks on education and, consequently, the study of history, has been essentially gloomy and defensive. Their attitude is highlighted by a fourfold list of broad aims: to enlarge 'the agenda of historical research and the teaching curriculum in schools, polytechnics and universities'; to encourage and support part-time historians; to organise day, weekend and week long courses; and to establish a 'national and international network of historians sympathetic to the Centre's aims'.

Although the subject matter of the Workshop Centre will remain with an emphasis on labour, oral and local history, they intend to take advantage of their geographical placement and include a special study of the Oxford area, the South Midlands and Thames Valley.

Within the university itself, it is hoped to establish links with other schools, including the Middle East Centre attached to St. Antony's College and the Third World scholarship associated with Queen Elizabeth House. Internationally, links have been forged with similar projects such as the Ecole des Hautes Etudes and the Max Planck Institute in Gottingen.

Ruskin College lecturer and Working Party member Raphael Samuel is optimistic about the venture. 'It will mean we can plan on a regular basis instead of ad-hoc. We can bring over students from abroad and build permanent associations with European and American colleagues. It's a major step forward.'

Mike Coren

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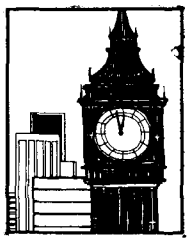

BERNARD CRICK, Guest Columnist

Bring back a popular ideology

LAST WEEK I concluded that we in the Labour Party need to come out of our holes and revive a long-term 'public philosophy' or realistic rhetoric. Let me elaborate. Socialist intellectuals have become far more adept in recent years at disputing with each other than with either the enemy or (more importantly) the unpersuaded, the wavering and the volatile.

Read almost anything in the pages of – to name rather different journals – *New Left Review*, *New Socialist*, *Tribune* or *Militant* and you will find a common preoccupation with arguments about the nature of 'true socialism'. Certainly the standard of inter-socialist debate, since 1956 ended Communist hegemony, has risen greatly. The GMCs of constituency Labour Parties are now much more entertaining. Marxism has come to life: a thousand flowers bloom, and some or them are humanistic and tolerant – as Bernard Levin should know but Ronald Butt cannot.

The price of this, however, has been a crippling lack of concern for the basic arts of persuading the unpersuaded. Too many marxist intellectuals still live in a fantasy world in which, but for the media, a unified British working class would respond massively to socialist propaganda. Yet if you really seek to persuade other people, you have to understand them as they are. In a recent public lecture Neil Kinnock quoted R. H. Tawney's advice after the 1931 defeat: that the rethinking had to be 'related to the practical needs and moral traditions of plain men and women'.

The rethinking must point to the long term. There can be no instant socialism that is also democratic. We need to purge (intellectually speaking) the Millenarians. There is no incompatibility between realism and idealism if we can, indeed, develop a theory of stages and time-scales specific to British conditions. No one will believe us if we promise a democratic socialist society in one Parliament: that sort of talk was only for tests of loyalty in the *last* campaign for the Deputy Leadership. And in any case a majority of the country simply don't want it: they need to be persuaded gently and in stages, by example, reasoned advocacy and benefits. But the need for tactical politics and balanced tickets will and should only be accepted by party activists if they believe that the leadership has a vision of socialism and a theory of how to reach it.

MOST OF ALL we lack what once we had so securely but have now been beaten in by the new Conservatism: a public philosophy or popular ideology. Many ordinary people used to admit that they agreed with socialism 'in theory' but perhaps not in practice. At least we won the battle of ideas and principles even if material interests are more slow to move.

But now Thatcherism has made popular (and moral) a theory – Hayek's version of *laisser-faire* liberalism – which is quite as abstract as socialism. Its components are austerity, frugality, hard work, self-interest, free trade, value for money, keeping the value of money, distrust of bureaucracy, privatisation, freedom for investment, grandmother's virtues and licensed xenophobia. It may be logically self-contradictory but it is both clear and psychologically coherent to skilled workers and the lower middle classes still in jobs. However poorly paid or badly treated within the job, they now feel that it is by their virtues that they still work.

So long as the Labour Party goes on and on about the plight of the unemployed, this ideology thrives on the fear of the inflationary cost of a socialist programme. But the vulnerability of Thatcherism is that its monetary policies have worked against industry and in favour of the City. It will fall to whichever of the other *two* parties looks most like the party of industrial production and can be believed when it says, 'Get the Country Back to Work'.

By the end of the Wilson and Callaghan era Labour's popular ideology had degenerated into 'concern'. Mrs Thatcher proved that people will respond to something a little more specific than that. The odd thing is that we all know both in our heads and hearts what to say – 'liberty, equality, fraternity'. But we have lost either the confidence to say it in public or the knack to turn our values, as Thatcherites do, into homely examples. The old simple point, for instance: that democratic socialism stands for more liberty, not less. We cannot reiterate enough that poverty, unemployment and preventable ill health all limit human choice and ability to exercise freedom. But we cannot remind ourselves enough that to most people 'socialism' still means the actual behaviour of the CPSU and of groupuscles who scream the word as intolerant abuse. If our love of liberty is to be taken seriously, we need to take seriously decentralisation, anti-bureaucracy, and democracy in the workplace. We will not be taken seriously if we are pushed into defending restrictive practices and uneconomic job retention, and into opposing all forms of balloting of members. If unions can carry their members with them by such procedures, their power will actually be greater.

We are egalitarians, in this respect much closer to the spirit of the younger generation in all classes. But we do not say that all people should be treated equally in everything or have equal rewards; we say that all inequalities must be questioned and need justifying in the public interest if they are to continue at all. That is the germ of a socialist incomes policy, and there can be no socialism without an incomes policy. 'Fraternity' is not a principle to move people, but there is still a civic sense and a care for community values to be rallied against the new materialistic individualism. And the Thatcherites, despite their populism are trapped in a traditional hierarchy. Labour should simply say what most people feel, that men and women on the job can do it as least as well among themselves as through the boss.

Chauvinism too is no substitute for frustrated values of cooperation and community. But anti-Europeanism is no substitute for Falklands fever either. The Labour Party needs to develop a richer sense of a civic patriotism that links the different nations and cultures of the United Kingdom, even of 'these islands'. This is too brief but once we see the sterility of the old road of the (Southern) English centralised, administrative state, we should become unequivocally pluralist and federalist – as G. D. H. Cole and Harold Laski once urged.

Rhetoric, said Aristotle, must enunciate simple principles, be based on empathy with the audience addressed, and find forms of persuasion appropriate to them. If the Labour Party is to save our poor country from those to whom, in Shakespeare's words, it 'Is now leased out . . . like to a tenement or pelting farm' (in the age of Nigel Lawsons we say 'asset strippers'), it must emerge from its internalised phase and practise again a public rhetoric.□

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Mountains out of molehills

Are the sensational stories about Red Moles just part of the newspaper 'silly season' – or a prelude to another clampdown on shop steward organisation at Leyland? Or are members of broad political movements right to be wary of Socialist League activists? Three reports explain the background

TO HAVE left-wing beliefs and be discharged from a British car plant is far from being a unique event. The motor industry has a long record of enforcing such 'discipline' – though not usually aided by mass recession and anti-union legislation. While political views have never been presented as the official reasons for dismissal, sackings of this kind have invariably precipitated a more widespread employers' offensive against shop floor organisation and representation. It is therefore not so much the fear of the few sensational 'red moles' which haunts BL management as the spectre of renewed shop floor power.

The recent washing-up strike and the coming autumn pay round have created fertile ground for the renewal of shop floor organisation – hence the unexpectedly staunch defence of the 'Red 13' by local Leyland union officials. They are less concerned with the political allegiance of their membership than with the very survival of effective shop floor organisation.

The shop stewards' organisation in BL has always been identified by its politics. Its leadership has been remarkable for its durability and political consistency. At the Longbridge plant, for example, which has provided the chairmanship of both the unofficial Leyland combine committee and its predecessor under the old BMC, only three individuals have occupied the powerful position of works convener and chairman of the combine since 1948. These were Dick Etheridge, Derek Robinson and the current holder Jack Adams. As conveners all were subject to an annual election conducted among the shop stewards and conducted under procedures established by local full-time officials. All three were members of the Communist Party, and the first two were in the AUEW.

At Cowley the influence in the steward leadership has always been less apparent. This is partly explained by the largest union, the TGWU, outlawing CP members from holding union office during the years when the union was dominated by the political Right. Bobby Fryer, the present TGWU convener with over a decade in office, is not a member of the Communist Party. The CP influence at Cowley has largely been confined to the now diminishing old guard in the less important engineering union, which was always reluctant to recruit semi-skilled workers.

At Cowley it has been the small though on occasions influential Workers' Revolutionary Party and the Socialist League rather than the CP which has sought to influence the development of shop floor politics. Three shop stewards drawn from these groups have held office since 1970, the most famous being Alan Thornett, who broke away from the WRP to form the Workers' Socialist League (WSL) in the mid '70s. Their activity has largely been confined to propaganda, ie distributing factory gate leaf-

CND and the League

AT ITS December 1982 conference the Socialist League, as well as changing its name from the IMG, confirmed that its two main priorities for 1983 were to 'build the present movement for unilateral disarmament' and to 'work in the labour movement to defend progressive policies'.

In CND the Socialist League has focussed on: Labour CND and Youth CND. Although Labour CND represents the 'voice of the Constituency Labour Parties' in CND, any individual member of the Labour Party can attend, and vote at, its annual meeting. Youth CND also has a fairly open formal structure.

The executive of Labour CND was surprised when about 400 people turned up to its annual meeting in February this year. In 1982, 60 people attended, which was considered a good turnout. Four months later seven members of the 25-strong Labour CND executive complained to the national CND executive that there had been procedural irregularities at that meeting, and that the new Labour CND executive did not represent the membership.

On the new Labour CND executive were six Socialist League members, as well as four or five others who habitually vote with them. The split was held together during the run-up to the general election, despite a disagreement over the campaign document. But, in June, the proposed circulation of a model resolution to CLPs for the Labour Party conference this October triggered the complaint to CND's national executive. The resolution calls for an incoming Labour government to scrap all nuclear weapons *immediately* taking office – it has in fact been adopted by only five constituencies, two of which have dropped the word 'immediately'.

The national CND executive responded in July by appointing four of its number – all also Labour Party members – to the Labour CND executive with a power of veto. The reconstituted executive is now carrying out a 'review' of the activities, aims and constitution of Labour CND which it hopes to present at the next annual meeting, early next year.

IT IS clear that the issue of the Socialist League's role became embroiled in a dispute over CND's strategy after the heavy defeat of a Labour Party committed to unilateral disarmament. At the last national council meeting former CND general secretary Dan Smith put forward a discussion document calling for CND to distance itself from the Labour Party.

IMG/Socialist League involvement with this part of the peace movement is nothing new. In July 1981 a 'Labour Movement Against the Missiles' conference *was* crudely manipulated by the IMG – their delegates' briefing asked members to try to make one of four set speeches (*NS* 7 August 1981).

The Socialist League, through its youth wing Revolution Youth, has also achieved influence in Youth CND. The problem of what it saw as Trotskyist entryism in YCND has worried CND's national leadership for some time, and there has been a long-running battle over the age limit, brought down to 21 a few years ago. After last year's annual meeting (which discussed such things as US imperialism in Central America), CND's national council referred the 'problem' of the sovereignty of YCND's annual meeting to the national CND executive.

The executive decided in February that YCND should no longer be a specialist section, but an 'integral part of CND'. This was endorsed by the national council in April, when Joan Ruddock, CND's chairperson, explained: 'YCND must be bound by CND policy and when in doubt must consult with CND.' There was some confusion over YCND's status, after this decision. This year's annual meeting went ahead regardless, in Manchester last month. Just before the annual meeting, Oxford YCND joined up 150 new members, according to a CND spokesman. One Oxford YCND member, John Green, also a member of Revolution Youth, was elected as a full-time organiser. Oxford YCND's address is the same as one of the addresses given as a reference by the British Leyland 'moles'.

CND's national executive has taken a much harder line with YCND than with Labour CND. The election of YCND officers at the annual meeting has been declared invalid and an 'interim committee' has been set up, not so much to 'run' YCND as to decide what its constitutional position within CND ought to be.

Again, the problem for CND is how it can continue to assert the primacy of its single issue campaign over the competing priorities of other groups, generally on the Left, whose aims coincide or whose membership overlaps.

John Rentoul

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lets and making speeches in union meetings. They have never held the balance of power within the BL shop stewards' organisation. They did, however, become a focus for repeated criticism of the shop steward leadership throughout the 1970s when BL management came to rely increasingly upon a more co-operative relationship with the senior stewards to overcome discontent on the shop floor. (This changed with the sacking of Derek Robinson and the Edwardes' clampdown on union influence.)

The Communist Party, on the other hand, and more latterly the Broad Left, may appropriately be considered as a part of the shopfloor political establishment of BL. The CP was largely the initiator and backbone of much of the combine committee. In the period of rapid union recruitment in the mid and late 1960s it was the existence of common political allegiances among CP senior shop stewards from different unions which shaped the campaign for 100 per cent membership. They also laid the ground rules which avoided inter-union conflict over members' job demarcation. It was under this political leadership in the late 1950s that the job security and representation rights of stewards were established.

In Cowley there has been far less common political ground among shop stewards. There have been frequent periods of inter-union friction, personality clashes and difference between local officlals. What has been consistent over time, however, has been that the dismissal of a prominent, politically aligned shop steward has usually been the prelude to a wider attack upon workplace rights. For instance during the 1950s at Longbridge and later at the Standard assembly plant in Coventry, management followed up the sacking of CP shop stewards with a major reorganisation of shop stewards' powers. Similarly in the 1980s following the sacking of Derek Robinson at Longbridge and Alan Thornett from Cowley, 25,000 jobs have gone from BL.

The test in all cases has been how vociferously the workforce will defend its activists. The involvement of senior stewards in industrial relations has in recent years again been drastically cut back by management. At Cowley, the current number of shop stewards is only a third of what it was six years ago.

Now the critical question at Cowley is who will come forward to be a BL shop steward – and how can an effective shopfloor organisation be re-established and maintained in a plant where one worker in five has been there for less than 12 months. If union leaders are seen to let management dictate who can be shop stewards, and to dismiss union activists on political grounds, their independent role will be in great jeopardy.

Meanwhile, whether the dismissals are the prelude to wider repression or not, one thing is certain: the sacked young activists will never work in a car plant again. Their most likely fate will be an appearance upon a blacklist drawn up by the Economic League.

John Salmon

Forced to conspire

IN THE WORDS of the normally restrained Peter Snow of BBC 2's *Newsnight*, membership of the Socialist League means being 'an extreme left-wing socialist out to disrupt industry and reject and destroy the capitalist system.' Such casual grouping of the words 'socialist', 'disruption' and 'destruction, will naturally lead listeners to answer 'no' to the question posed by Stephanie Grant (who sports orange punk hair and dark glasses to boot) at her press conference: 'Do socialists have a right to work'?

There are many reasons why socialists from middle-class backgrounds might want to work in industrial jobs. As Ms Grant said, such jobs can pay well, especially for women. Politically, in a tradition going back years, socialists have believed they should share the lot of those whom they expect to bring about socialism; that the values of the working class are more admirable than those of the bourgeoisie; or that the privileges of education and political knowledge should be

Leon Trotsky

shared with those who have been starved of them. ('It is not only the management who should have their experts', as one worker activist said to me).

The problem for the Socialist League, unlike say the Communist or Labour parties, is that it allots to the working class the crucial political role in bringing about socialism while having very few working class members. Hence the phenomenon of 'going into' industry. According to Steve Potter, acting National Secretary of the League, supporters 'are encouraged both to join the Labour Party and to join those unions where the shop stewards' movement is most powerful – in the general industrial unions.' It does try to influence members' choice of jobs but, said one member, this most often involves running a sort of socialist 'Manpower Services' – informing members of job vacancies and assisting with relocation where necessary.

The Socialist League emerged in December 1982 when a conference of the International Marxist Group decided the organisation would change its name and some of its political functions. Steve Potter says:

> we believed that we were something more than just a propaganda group only able to spread socialist ideas among a small circle. We had established a reputation and influence in the trade unions, the women's movement, in international solidarity work and in organisations like CND. But we were not yet a party capable of leading masses of people in our own right. Our change of name was meant to reflect this status.

The role of the Socialist League historically is to continue the particular theoretical tradition represented by Trotsky and the Fourth International. Articulated today by intellectual writers such as Ernest Mandel, this tradition emphasises an 'oppositional' stand toward the institutions of the capitalist state, rejecting as Stalinist or social democratic any idea that these can be transformed by reform from within or pressure from without. Socialism will come about when the working class builds up an embryonic alternate state alongside the existing one.

At present the League has fewer than 700 members, of whom about half are in white-collar unions, a third in manual unions, and the rest students or unemployed. A high proportion of its members hold union positions – just like most left-wing organisations. None of them, however, shares the myth of their power nurtured by the media. As one of them said: 'If I had any illusions beforehand I quickly learned that no one can lead workers around by the nose. In fact, the main thing I do as a socialist in the union is talk about things like the Labour Party, CND and central American solidarity.'

DIFFICULTY in influencing the masses is one reason why SL members work inside the Labour Party. There they give their support to *Socialist Action* (the paper which succeeded IMG's *Socialist Challenge*) whose raison d'etre is to change the Labour Party. According to Alan Freeman, editor of *Socialist Action*:

> The task for the left is to understand that it faces a long-term strategic battle to defend the political independence of the Labour Party by transforming its relation to the union and mass movements; by transforming it into a party of action instead of a party of discussion and legislation . . . In short, to rebuild the Labour Party, bury Labourism!

The aura of conspiracy surrounding SL work in unions, CND and the Labour Party itself is, according to Bob Pannington, a SL leader and long-time Trotskyist, due to the lack of democracy in the labour movement:

> The way in which Trotskyists have always had to fight for their ideas is not due to our being a bunch of conspirators with a liking for secret organisation but has been imposed on us by the fact that the right wing constantly seek to proscribe and expel their opponents and of course by the way employers deal with left-wing militants in industry.

The experience of former IMG leader Tariq Ali suggests that this is not at all a paranoid view of the world. Although he left IMG three years ago, his membership of the Labour Party is still bitterly opposed by people from the centre left to the right. His bitterness is understandable; it appears to be the public quality of his politics that has caused him to be kept out in the cold by the Labour Party. Yet, it is the semi-clandestine quality of Socialist League politics which has made them so vulnerable to criticism.

Brian Slocock

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POLICE

Just for kicks

Timothy O'Grady on how he learned to fear the police

Sunday Times

Timothy O'Grady: troubles with a motorbike began his nightmare encounter with the British police

ON 8 FEBRUARY this year, I was discussing with a friend of mine the strange death of Colin Roach, the young black man said to have shot himself on the porch of Stoke Newington Police Station. I had watched the demonstrations demanding an enquiry into his death pass along my own High Street in Dalston. My friend speculated darkly on the incident, suggesting that the police may have been somehow responsible. I was dubious, even dismissive. Why should the police shoot an apparently innocent person on their own doorstep?

I had been brought up in middle-class Chicago. Even after the revealing experiences of the police riot in 1968 at the Democratic Convention and subsequent observations of police procedures in such disparate places as Brixton and West Belfast, I had managed, in my middle-class way, to preserve a sense of the police as somehow rational. They were, after all, publicly accountable, like any other state institution, so could hardly afford to indulge in *gratuitous* violence.

I was shortly to be disabused of such comfortable notions. Some hours after my defence of the police, I was parking my motorbike, very late at night, around the corner from my home. Further back along the road, I had just passed a police car with my lights out – they had failed en route – and now found the car had drawn up beside me. I knew that I could be facing a fairly sizeable fine, as both my insurance and MoT had lapsed.

I walked towards the police car, starting to explain the failure of my lights, when one PC Lloyd Jackson emerged from the car, rushed at me, kicked my feet from under me and landed me on the pavement. He then kicked me hard several times in the spine and lower back. I was incredulous. As he pulled me to my feet, I said. 'What's going on? I haven't done anything.' 'Shut up, you little bastard,' he said, and hit me with his fist in the face. He hit me again and again, each time I spoke. He did not appear to be angry; he was merely vicious in a casual, cynical way.

I tried to explain to him that I wasn't trying to get away, that I would do whatever he wanted me to do, that I only lived around the corner and that, if he was arresting me, I would just like to give a message to my wife. All of this simply provoked more blows to the face. I grew more obsequious, finally saying in the most absurdly polite manner, 'Excuse me. May I speak?' He then threw me to the ground again, kicked me and knelt on my ribs. When he had finished he went over to his car, presumably to radio in.

By this time, two other police vehicles had arrived on the scene. They were parked askew in the middle of the road, lights on, engines running, as if they were involved in very serious crime prevention, or an episode of *The Sweeney*. There were a number of policemen standing about in a desultory manner. I approached the one who had been in the car with Mr Jackson. 'Why is he doing this to me?' I asked him. 'Doing what?' he replied. 'Why is he hitting me?' 'I didn't see anybody hitting anybody,' he said, smiling broadly.

SOMETIME AFTER THAT my motorcycle was put in the back of a police van and I in the back seat of Lloyd Jackson's police car for a menacingly slow ride through unlit streets, back alleys and council estates to Holloway Police Station. There, I was questioned at some length and told I was being charged with being unfit to drive through drink. As I sat there with my split lip and swollen face, terrified to say anything that might aggravate anyone, I was mesmerised by PC Jackson. Even after he saw my American passport and learned that I worked in the media, he remained implacable, even bored. He did not seem even remotely disturbed by the idea that he might have gone too far, or that there could be repercussions. Eventually I was released into the night air.

Three days later I returned to Holloway Police Station to hand in a complaint and collect my motorcycle. When I went into the yard behind the station I discovered that, since I had parted company with the bike, the clutch lever and spark plug had been smashed off. A sparkplug on a motorcycle is recessed; you would need something like a hammer to break it off. The perversity and maliciousness of the thing was becoming almost comical in its unity.

Over a two and a half month period since February, I have been compelled to appear four times at Highbury Magistrates Court. The first time I was told that the police doctor had found me 'not unfit to drive'; the second time I was told that the blood test had proved negative; the third time I was told that, despite all the medical evidence being in my favour, the police still intended to pursue the case against me and I would have to appear again six weeks later. By this time, I had complained to the police both directly and through my MP. I concluded that this was the cause of the continued action against me.

For the fourth appearance, I engaged a lawyer, as the case now rested on the testimony of Lloyd Jackson – an unreliable witness, I thought. As we were about to enter the courtroom, the police finally dropped the charge of 'driving while unfit'. At that point, being beaten up by the police and charged with something of which I was innocent had cost me four mornings at work and £175 in legal fees. I have yet to learn of any results from my complaint.

I am no better informed now than I was before about the Colin Roach case, but I have an entirely different perspective on the workings of the police in Britain. They – at least, an unpredictable number of them – now appear to me as a kind of forbidding, hermetic order, governed by fanatical loyalties, indulging in arbitrary violence and disconnected from the outside world. Even their jargon betrays their isolation, their cumbersome, tortuous phrasing reducing reality absurdly. A policeman testifying in his own defence in court recently said: 'It is just possible that my closed fist made contact with his face.' It is a language full of bogus precision and feigned impartiality. As often as not, it disguises a brutish arrogance. Even the normally respectful term 'Sir' becomes, in their mouths, menacing.

Although I have been in many of the world's most infamously dangerous ghettoes, I had never been physically attacked on the street, until I was assaulted by the British police. Interestingly and ironically, my uniformed assailant was, in this area of North London where relations between the police and the black community have degenerated so cataclysmically, a black man. I don't suppose he would be interested, but he managed within a few minutes to transform my image of the police. □

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OBITUARY

Independent voice

John Eatwell pays tribute to the economist Joan Robinson

ON THE surface, the economics profession today appears to be very heterogeneous; a gaggle of sects warring continuously over monetary policy, employment and unemployment, inflation and so on. But if one digs a little below the surface a remarkable homogeneity emerges. At the core of modern economics is a body of abstract theory which is accepted by all – or almost all. Here lies the true strength of modern economic orthodoxy: disputes over the relevance of particular empirical propositions, or even ideological disputes, do not disturb the orthodox core.

The current dominance of orthodox theory adds poignancy to the death of Joan Robinson on 5 August at the age of 79. For not only was Joan Robinson one of Britain's few economists of international repute, a leading figure in theoretical economics for 50 years, but also she was a truly independent voice. She rejected orthodox economic theory as logically erroneous and hence a useless, even dangerous guide to the workings of a modern economy. Towards the end of her life, she expressed a great despair that, by the 1980s, irrational economic propositions should have triumphed over the logically coherent theory of which she had been a champion.

Tough, aggressive, direct and single-minded, Joan Robinson was not an easy person to deal with. Yet these were just the qualities which enabled her to survive in a generally hostile academic environment. She was born on 31 October 1903. Educated at St Paul's Girls' School and Girton (a 2.1 in economics was 'a great disappointment'), she became an assistant lecturer in the Faculty of Economics at Cambridge in 1931 and spent her entire working life there, interspersed with frequent foreign travel. Despite her intellectual eminence she became a professor only in 1965.

Joan Robinson leapt to the very forefront of world economics with the publication in 1933 of her *Economics of Imperfect Competition*. Paradoxically, the book that brought her fame was to prove a false start, and she later rejected its analysis. Although critical of the accepted theories of the firm and of competition, she worked with the orthodox methods and framework, simply reshaping them to deal with new tasks. In the process Joan Robinson created the geometric apparatus that was to be the basis of economic theorising until algebra took over in the early 1960s.

IMPERFECT COMPETITION was soon thrust aside in the excitement of the Keynesian revolution. Joan Robinson was one of the small group of young economists who worked closely with Keynes to forge the *General Theory*. There were times, Joan Robinson wrote later, 'when we had trouble getting Maynard to see what the point of his revolution really was'! Certainly Joan Robinson grasped the point. For her the *General Theory* was not an addition to economic theory, but a thorough-going demolition of all that had gone before.

The basic proposition of the theory that had gone before (and indeed, has returned, for it is the theoretical underpinning of the economic policies of the present government) is that a competitive capitalist economy will tend to an equilibrium in which all markets 'clear', including the market for labour. 'In the long run' unemployment will not occur. Keynes offered something completely different; a theory which attempted at one and the same time to show how unemployment persists indefinitely and that the old theory was wrong – even in the best of all possible worlds.

Peter Lofts Photography

Joan Robinson: humanitarian economist

It was Joan Robinson who first grasped the radical significance of this. While feverish attempts were under way to demonstrate that Keynes's theory was just a special case of the old story, she was arguing the opposite case. Keynes's theory was incompatible with the old supply-and-demand ideas, and attempts to disguise the incompatibility by splitting economics up into macro-economics and micro-economics were a sham. The trouble was that although Keynes was strong on new theory, he was weak on criticism of the old theory. He had dealt it a few hard blows, but had not finished it off.

It was one of Joan Robinson's greatest triumphs to lay the groundwork for just that task of demolition. In an article published in 1953 she argued that there was a fundamental logical flaw in the orthodox theory of the determination of the wage and the rate of profit. There is no logical foundation, she said, to the idea that the wage is determined by the supply and demand for labour and the rate of profit by the supply and demand for capital. A heated controversy ensued which culminated in 1966 with the admission by Paul Samuelson of MIT that Joan Robinson had been right all along.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. During the next decade orthodoxy underwent a great revival. Monetarism, which depends on the proposition that markets tend automatically to establish full employment, staged a dramatic come-back, and the analytical argument was swept aside in the political euphoria.

There is no doubt that Joan Robinson was greatly saddened by the spectacle of the 1970s and early '80s. The victories for economic rationalism for which she had fought were hollow as governments pursued just those policies which had been shown to be based on nothing but ideology. But she kept on fighting, becoming if anything tougher as she grew older – refusing to compromise on matters of logic.

Her doughty determination to expose the failings of the professional mainstream did not make her popular. Academic honours were relatively few. The members of the Economics Committee of The Swedish Academy of Sciences were apparently quite happy to undergo the annual embarrassment of awarding their Nobel prize in economics to someone who, in comparison with Joan Robinson, was clearly an also-ran.

Yet despite her unpopularity with the mainstream Joan Robinson's reputation continued to grow. There were several reasons for this. First, she was one of the few leading theorists who wrote in English rather than in mathematics. 'Being innocent of mathematics,' she would say, 'I had to think.' For all the pragmatism of the British Left, economic theory does matter, and her writings on it were accessible. Yet, for all her toughness Joan Robinson's writings displayed great warmth and humanitarian spirit. It was evident that her economics was a means to end – the improvement of the lot of humanity.

Lastly, despite all attempts to ignore her the sheer relevance of her ideas kept bursting through. For example, in a remarkable lecture given in 1966 entitled 'The New Mercantilism' Joan Robinson exposed the failings of the international trading system which, she argued, possessed a fundamental deflationary bias. It was therefore likely to slide into depression whenever it was knocked out of kilter. This, of course, is exactly what has happened since 1973, with national governments vying with one another to see who can create the most unemployment.

Joan Robinson was part of the extraordinary generation that flowered at Cambridge in the Thirties and made that university not only the leading school of economics but also a centre of progressive economic thought. She fought all her life to establish a rational humanitarian economics, in which production and unemployment were placed higher than the false god of sound money, and in which equity and social progress were prime ends of economic life. It will be a sad

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comment on the current generation of young economists if they abandon these goals for the simple and lucrative life in the mainstream. □

John Eatwell is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

UNIONS

Weeding out the plants

Francis Beckett explores a dangerous hole in labour law

WHEN IAN McGREGOR moves from steel to coal – 'slowly under the weight of his emoluments' as Bill Sirs unkindly, but accurately, puts it – he will take with him a negotiating policy whose full significance is only now being grasped by labour lawyers.

He refused to negotiate nationally with Bill Sirs's union, the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation (ISTC), and intends to do the same at the Coal Board. Part of the purpose has always been clear: to fragment both the unions and the industries themselves. Individual plants can then be closed, and possibly sold off, far more easily.

But union lawyers are now starting to whisper that it may be far more serious than that. 'The novel use of a legal quirk, combined with the plant bargaining ploy, could be devastating for unions and workers in the nationalised industries, and be used to denationalise them by stealth,' says trade union lawyer Fraser Whitehead.

This is how it works. At British Steel's Port Talbot plant, staff arrived for work one chilly morning in March to be told that in future they would be on manual conditions instead of staff conditions. That meant less money and fewer benefits. Their union, the ISTC, raised the issue at national level. They pointed out to British Steel that they had a national agreement *guaranteeing* these people staff status. That was no concern of British Steel's, which insisted the union fight it out with local management in Port Talbot.

The ISTC then issued a writ for breach of contract. But the more they looked at case law, the gloomier they became. The courts will not order 'specific performance' of a contract in employment matters – though they will order it in other sorts of cases. So although the employer had clearly broken the contract, the courts would not order it restored. The ISTC managed to increase the money paid to the erstwhile staff. But they are now on manual conditions.

The next month, the 20 staff at British Transport Advertising (BTA), a British Rail subsidiary, were told their hours were to change. Instead of working from 8.45am to 5.15pm, they were to work from 9am to 5.30pm. The staff objected to this imposition of new hours, and the union, the Transport Salaried Staffs Association (TSSA), tried to take the problem up through their national procedures, in the normal way. They, too, were told there could be no national negotiation, but that it was entirely a matter for local management at BTA.

Yet it was a clear case of breach of contract. The TSSA told its members not to work the new hours. The management fined them 15 minutes' pay for every day they refused, and the TSSA took out a writ. Then, like the ISTC before them, the TSSA learned about 'specific performance'. They could only go back to negotiate. They got the fines repaid, but their members are now working the new hours.

ARE THESE JUST two isolated instances of an enthusiastic local management wanting to impress the top dogs with how good they are at putting the workers in their place? Perhaps. And perhaps, again, something a great deal deeper and darker.

Both national bodies were quick to disown any responsibility for agreements they had signed. Yet, in the past, they had tended to deliver on their agreements – and to expect the unions to do the same. This new policy links ominously with the 'plant level negotiation' policy. In these two cases, nationalised industries – and therefore the government – have established that national agreements are not worth the paper they are written on. Local management in any part of the enterprise can simply ignore them and impose whatever conditions they like.

'What these cases have done is to illustrate that if management are going to break nationalised industry agreements there is no effective legal remedy available to the employee. There is no remedy at all if they cannot take industrial action,' says Fraser Whitehead. Ironically, then, the very people who have preached that the problem of British industry is too many strikes have ensured that workers cannot settle differences in nationalised industries *without* going on strike – or they just endure whatever conditions management chooses to enforce.

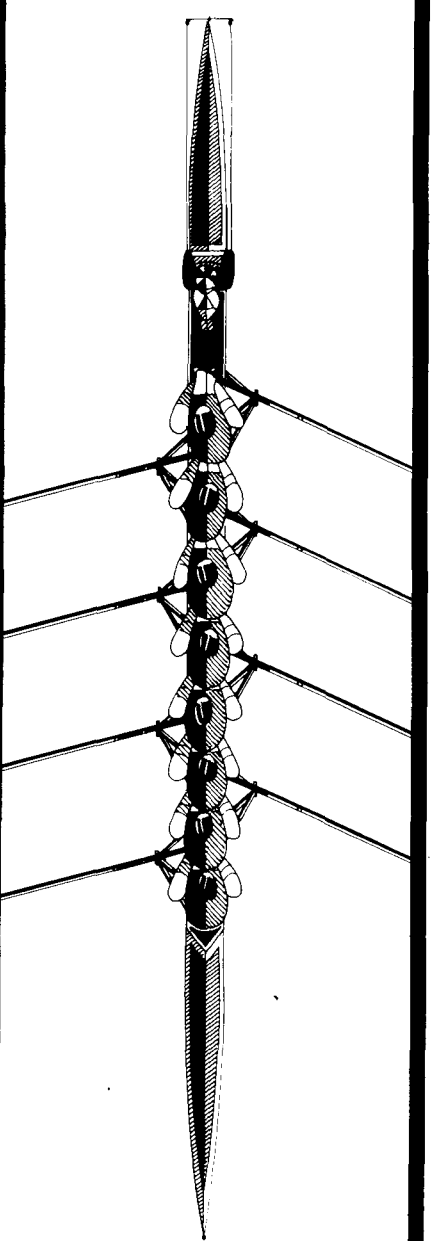
From the government's point of view if there are no more national pay negotiations, and unions cannot defend the agreements they have already negotiated, the unions will be seriously weakened as national bodies. The unions will find it very hard to defend by national industrial action a local breach of an agreement, because an engine driver in Carlisle is going to be reluctant to go on strike for the hours of a London clerical worker.

A patchwork of local agreements, widely differing from each other, with at most a token union involvement, could then be created – and junked just as quickly, when it suits. With no parity in wages and conditions, the community of interest which binds, say, a Kent miner to a Welsh miner will have ceased to exist. The stage will then be set for unimpeded denationalisation or closure whenever it suits Mr Ian McGregor or his political masters. □

Not so gently

down the stream

The competition should be fast and furious later this month when the World Rowing Championships are held at Duisburg, West Germany. Among the British teams competing will be the Lightweights – sponsored by Mobil – skimming the surface in their distinctive red and blue boats. To the Lightweights and the other teams putting their oars in for Albion, the best of British luck.



Mobil

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Making Greens see Red

Ecology is fashionable – but its supporters can be right-wing or apolitical. Dave Elliott describes what would make 'eco-socialism' distinctive

MOST CONVENTIONAL socialists seem to fall into two camps when it comes to ecology and the environment. Some are hostile to the environmental movement, which they see as hopelessly middle-class and marginal, while others cling to the belief that the original socialist vision of 'social control over the means of production and distribution' subsumes ecology – or could – so that they can forget about it.

Given the clear defeat in June, of traditional Labour thinking, perhaps it is time to look more carefully at our ideological baggage, to see if it can, if nothing else, be repacked. Has the newly emerging ecology movement – now tens of thousands strong in Britain – anything to offer?

The Green movement, as it is now called, is much more than simply the Ecology Party. Within it are contained such diverse bodies as the Conservation Society (CONSOC); the lobbying Friends of the Earth; the militant, direct-action Greenpeace; CND's Green wing; the Women For Life On Earth network – not to mention a multitude of local groups and grass-root activists. Partly because of the vacuum that exists in the radical political spectrum, this mixture has developed into a new political force. It has attracted many young people with, on one hand, its vision of a caring and careful society and, on the other, its seemingly uncompromised resistance to the status quo.

At the same time, it is strangely apolitical. Greens are fond of saying that the left/right spectrum is redundant, that ecology transcends it. For some, the problem is that they see socialism as inseparable from the sort of centralised, hopefully benevolent, state socialism that has dominated British politics since the Webbs and the early Fabians. They have little awareness of the earlier history of socialism – with all its syndicalist and libertarian roots.

For others, the problem runs deeper: essentially they deny class analysis. In part, this is due to their social background, but it is too easy just to label ecologically minded people as from the 'well-heeled middle class'. Many of the activists come from the new 'declassed' groups of unemployed, middle-class youths and ex-students, desperately trying to survive in hostile urban environments – with idealism as one of the few defences against despair.

That said, there is an air of unreality about the Green approach to politics: they seem very conscious of the scale of The Problem (as they see it) but strangely unaware of the power of capital to resist change, or of the struggles of their radical predecessors. In particular, they seem happy to ignore the fact that the labour movement, world wide, has spent 100 years or more struggling to win just a few concessions from capital – and they were comparatively well organised, with a key economic role to use as a weapon. How do the Greens expect to do better?

The answer is that they want to try a different approach – creating an alternative society without confrontation. A laudable aim, one shared to a degree by some early syndicalists and Guild Socialists' (who dreamt of 'encroaching control', of gradually taking over the economy from beneath, via self-management, workers' co-operatives and so on). But, although they operated on cooperative principles, their approach was very much one of confrontation with capital.

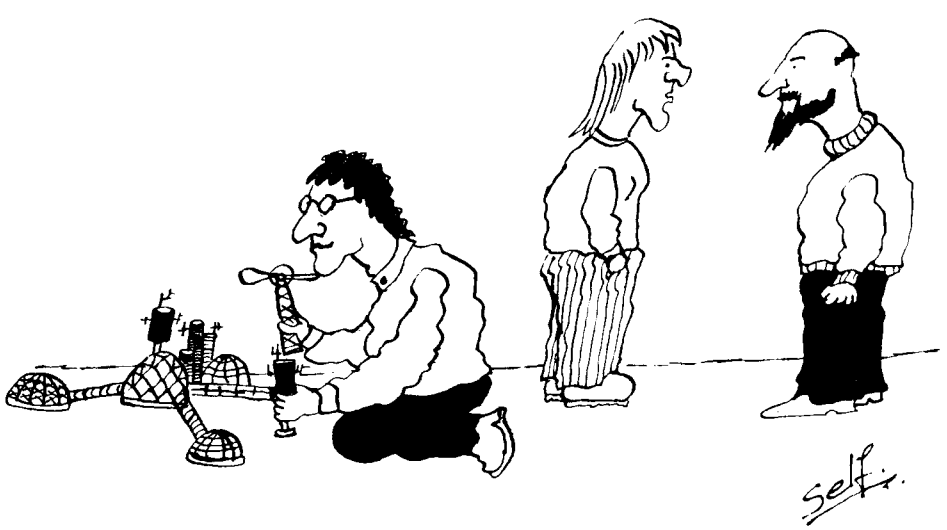
Syndicalist-type thinking has seen a rebirth on the Left over the last few decades – in the campaign for workers' control, trade union linked community initiatives, shop stewards' combine committees and so on. It could be then that the two movements – the Reds and the Greens if you like – are gradually converging.

THAT'S NOT TO SAY there are no problems. Many Greens are fond of attacking 'industrialism', seeing this as *the* problem. But we can't just turn back the clock. The *labour* that has gone into constructing the infrastructure of society (homes, roads, production and communications systems and so on) cannot just be forgotten. It is our inheritance. It may have been misused – so that many of the systems will need to be modified or redirected, and some scrapped – but to try to wipe the slate clean seems a recipe only for more centuries of hard slog. 'Capital' represents the 'stored labour' of generations of men, women, children and animals, together with the riches of the earth that have been won at such great cost to both living beings and the environment. We owe it to the past as well as to the future to reappropriate this inheritance and put it to good use.

If the Greens could see that, then they could join in the socialist project, perhaps help to redefine it, enriching it with new ideas and enthusiasm, and ensuring that the environmental perspective is not lost, even when the going gets rough – as it seems likely to.

The ecological perspective is both new and important. We cannot survive on this planet – and this planet cannot survive – if those in power continue, as the only way to maintain their power, with their 'slash and burn', growth-at-all-costs approach. Out of long term self-interest the powerful may decide to mend their ways, or reforms may be forced on them via legislation, but the problem is deeper than that. Both Reds and Greens usually agree that we need a much more radical approach, but, if the cross fertilization between the two groups is to bear fruit, then it must involve a more *practical* process of thrashing out a realistic programme and set of demands.

Fortunately, this process is, to some extent, underway. I've so far spoken of



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Greens and Reds as if they were totally separate camps. In reality, they overlap, even if only on the margins. Some shop-floor campaigns, like that at Lucas Aerospace, attracted the attention of Greens and Red alike – and many of these have begun to organise together. SERA – the Socialist Environment and Resources Association – is one such organisation. Now ten years old, it has a strong trade union and labour movement base and has been fairly effective through local Labour Parties, trades councils and the unions as an environmental pressure group – raising awareness on nuclear power, acid rain, lead pollution and so on – as well as developing ideas on alternative (more job-creating) ways of developing technology to meet social needs. In the process, it has developed a perspective it labels 'eco-Socialism'.

THIS PERSPECTIVE distils elements of syndicalism and combines them with an environmental viewpoint, along with a commitment, drawn from the Lucas campaign, to 'socially useful, environmentally sound, production'. In some ways, this is really no more than the basic socialist dictum of 'production for need rather than for profit'. But forcing environmental criteria into the decision-making process for technology and resource allocation is a vital step, reflecting a new sensitivity to the ecological perspective that we owe to the Greens. The interaction is, however, two-way. Raising the question of *what* is to be produced, under whose control and for whose benefit, has both moved the debate over technology and growth firmly into territory most Greens would recognise and alerted them to the significance and needs of organised labour.

In the past, many ecologically minded anti-industralists have called for 'zero growth'. Now, some are beginning to realise that this is inequitable, given the vast disparities in society. The real question that groups like SERA have put on the agenda is: what sort of growth, for whom and in whose interests?

Relatively abstract congruences like this have been paralleled by more practical linkages. The anti-nuclear power plant movement has drawn many environmentalists into political involvement, while, at the same time, there has been a noticeable increase of concern over the problems of civil nuclear power among some sections of the trade union movement – with ten unions, nationally, now formally opposed to any further nuclear developments.

Environmental ideas are thus no longer the property of the Greens – as witness the recent announcement by the TGWU and NUS of a ban on the dumping of nuclear wastes in the sea. The point is that environmental issues ultimately affect everyone – with working-class communities usually suffering the most, especially during a recession when there is every excuse to cut back on pollution controls and safety measures.

That said, I do not want to overstress the convergence between 'green' and 'red'; there are serious strategic disagreements and vast ideological gulfs. Rather, I feel that to get a proper three-demensional political view we need (as for 3-D films) to look through both red and green lenses. That doesn't mean either camp should abandon its independence (ecological diversity is a good principle) but there does seem to be an opportunity for fruitful co-operation and cross fertilisation.

Groups like SERA have, on a small scale, shown the way forward drawing ecological minded people into grass-roots socialist activity and, in the process, developing a new eco-socialist perspective. For the left, it must not just be a question of sticking a few mandatory references to the environment in the Party Manifesto; it should be an opportunity for a creative re-think. □

Dave Elliott works at the Open University, and is co-author of The Lucas Plan *and* The Politics of Nuclear Power.

FEEDBACK

Local activity not enough

Philip Jones, Morden, Surrey

Peter Hain's prescription of a community-based road back for Labour (*NS* 12 August) has two main flaws. First, it shows the inner-city bias of much recent Labour thinking. The areas where Labour must regain ground to become a majority party are, in the main, those where tenants of high-rise blocks (indeed, tenants of any sort), claimants, blacks and Asians form insignificant proportions of the voters; where women's groups are the Townswomen's Guilds; where community politics – as evidenced by residents' associations and the like – usually mean an inflexible resistance to any kind of change, good or bad. To believe that, even in working-class suburbia, there is a majority who can be persuaded to vote for radical policies out of self-interest would be a complete delusion.

Secondly, community politics can be self-defeating, through arousing expectations which cannot be fulfilled. As the central stranglehold on local government tightens, the number of community problems which can be solved locally correspondingly dwindles; and the message of socialists must be that the resolution of such problems requires the reordering of the economy (today, moreover, this must mean the international economy), not more hyperactive and sympathetic local politicians.

The appeal of the community approach advocated by Hain is, I think, that it boosts party activists' notion of their own significance in the political process. Although maintaining an electoral machine is important, the uncomfortable fact is that in June Labour did worst, on the whole, in those parts of the country – mainly the South-East – which in recent years have had the largest and most vigorous local parties.

What we need to do instead is recognise the decisive importance of Labour's national image in inspiring or losing confidence in our policies (what those policies are is, to a large extent, a separate consideration). We need not only to stimulate the hopes of the have-nots but also appeal to the altruism and patriotism (in the 'what's best for the country, not for me' sense) of a sufficient number of the haves, without seeming to pose a threat to the latters' security. To achieve this we must stop blaming all Labour's unpopularity on the media – which, in any case, we can do nothing whatsoever about before gaining power – and instead make a conscious effort to modify those unacceptable aspects of Labour's image (aggressive militancy? constant over-public squabbling? hostility to compromise? loony gestures?) which have driven voters to the Alliance in droves.

Feedback contributions should be no more than 900 words.

Community politics

Paul Teasdale, Cambridge

Peter Hain is wrong to say that 'the priority given to electoral politics' is 'at the heart of the problem' for the Labour Party (*NS* 12 Aug). It is the neglect of electoral politics, rather than its emphasis, which is the cause of our problems.

Since the Second World War the Labour Party has been the alternative party of government, and has relied on anti-Tory swings to bring it to office. It has not had to compete for votes. The first-past-the-post system has allowed it to ignore the decline in popular support from 1951.

Both Left and Right have assumed the existence of a mass of natural Labour voters rather than acknowledging the need to persuade people to support values and policies. The priority for Left and Right has been devising policies for when Labour's turn in government next came. Both failed to realise that to get through any policy which slightly challenges centres of power it is necessary to have wide popular support, not just parliamentary majorities.

I fully endorse Peter Hain's proposals for building support but these are not alternatives to 'electoral politics'; they are an essential part of it. Electoral support has to be built outside election time, and any prioritisation of electoral politics would (and will) have to include active campaigning in communities and better communication.

Peter Hain is justifying a correct strategy with a faulty analysis. Labour's problems do not arise out of incorrect strategy, but from the lack of any coherent strategy at all.

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DIARY

Paul Foot

This must be the best year ever to be on holiday in England, and East Cornwall and Dartmoor are more wonderful than I have known. My only problem is that I can't get away from the infernal newspapers and their magnificent obsession with the Red Moles of Cowley. I thought Stephanie Grant showed a lot of guts in holding her press conference, but what have the Socialist League got to say? I hope they don't think that witch-hunts go away if the hunted hide. They should learn from the women who were persecuted as witches not so long ago. The more they protested and hid, the more savage the hunters became.

○

Unable to find a copy of the *New Statesman* in Saltash, Callington or Tavistock, I conclude that not all *NS* readers read the *Western Morning News*. I therefore pass on a wonderful example of police vigilance in this area. Jean Tonkin, who has six children, was walking past her front windows the other day carrying the frame of her six-year-old daughter's wendy house. She was spotted by an anxious neighbour who assumed that she was brandishing a gun. The police at St Austell were tipped off, swooped, and carried a surprised Mrs Tonkin off to the police station. They then searched her house from top to bottom. One specially observant officer examined the deep freeze. There were no guns in there, but there *were* several large polythene bags full of a very suspicious herbal substance. These were plonked triumphantly in front of Jean Tonkin. 'What's this?' asked her interrogator. 'Grass', replied Jean Tonkin. Delighted at such a frank confession, the policeman sent the substance to their laboratory, holding Jean Tonkin for three hours without allowing her even to contact her children. Back came the report from the lab. The bags contained grass, three wheelbarrows full from Jean Tonkin's garden, stashed in the deep-freeze to keep it full and therefore more economical.

○

If you think Jean Tonkin had it rough, consider the case of former Pakistan test cricketer, Aftab Gul. His house was raided by the Special Branch in Pakistan, who naturally looked under his bed. There, they reported later, they found not a 'Red' but a Russian-built ground-to-air SAM missile. Aftab Gul fled to London when he heard the raid was imminent. He is a member of the left wing of the Pakistan People's Party, which would certainly win an election, if only one were held. But he is against the phony experiments in local democracy which dictator Zia is trying to legitimise. This explains, he says, the absurdity of the charges against him. He does not even know what a revolver looks like, let alone a SAM missile, which he doubts would fit under his bed. He wants political asylum here, but will he get it? Although Thatcher's government hates tyranny in Poland, it loves it in Pakistan. General Zia says his greatest aim in life is 'to be like Margaret Thatcher'.

○

Which reminds me of a story I picked up in Peru earlier this year. It seems that on General Haig's first visit to London during his 'peace shuffle' over the Falklands last year, he greeted the Prime Minister jovially. 'Come on, Margaret,' he apparently said, 'you mustn't be too hard on Galtieri. He keeps telling me he's always been your biggest fan in South America.' The Prime Minister, I gather, was not amused. Which was rather churlish of her. For, just as the Argentine junta reached its highest pitch of repression, it got a boost from the British government. Someone has sent me a remarkable article from the summer issue of 'Resurgam,' the journal of the Federation of British Cremation Authorities. It reveals that in March 1981 the City Authority of Buenos Aires put out to international tender a huge new crematorium. The scheme called for 'three banks of five cremators capable of dealing with 200 bodies a day' and facilities for taking bodies out of coffins and reusing the coffins. The article points out that there is little or no demand for civilian cremations in Argentina and that the new crematorium was obviously needed to 'deal with' the

'disappeared' dissidents. In March 1981, when the specification went out, the British government policy of appeasing South American dictatorships was in full swing. The debonair Cecil Parkinson had flown to Buenos Aires to butter up the junta. At the Buenos Aires Chamber of Commerce, he made the debonair point that the economic policy of the junta was an example to the British government. Peter Walker had also just visited Buenos Aires and Willie Whitelaw had obliged the junta's Minister of the Interior by cutting off the previous Labour government's assistance for political refugees from Argentina.

○

I was remembering this appeasement on a recent visit to poor old Plymouth which never did anyone any harm, but is represented in Parliament by David Owen and Alan Clark. I am still basking in a glorious attack on me by Mr Clark in the House of Commons last May, during a debate on the sinking of the *General Belgrano*. 'Paul Foot and others like him,' he said, 'hate their country so much that they will even take sides with President Reagan's favourite hit man in that hemisphere – President Galtieri.' Mr Clark forgot to mention that while I and others like me were demonstrating against the Galtieri government, his own government was wooing and arming it.

○

I am off to the Isles of Scilly, but I am not going by helicopter. A lot of people in these parts are indignant that no public inquiry has been held into the helicopter disaster off the Scillies last month. After every man-made disaster, people need to be reassured, and the authorities responsible should give public answers, especially to the representatives of the bereaved. But this government is showing more and more reluctance to order public enquiries. It was only after a howl of protest down here that they agreed to hold one – 16 months after the event – into the loss of the *Union Star* and the Penlee Lifeboat. Now it looks as if British Airways, which makes so much money out of helicopters, will be able to shrug off the Scillies horror with the usual bland conclusions of their own 'rigorous' (but secret) enquiries.

ROGER WODDIS

Foxing the Trots

'Where, in the purge of the hard left, does the soft left begin? – Sunday Times

As Hamlet remarked to his father,
On learning the truth at last,
'Well, I'll be a Danish pastry! –
Canst work i' the earth so fast?'

We need a new definition
That aptly describes the mole:
'A creature that lives on insects
And plays a subversive role.'

But still it remains a mystery
How Oxford was undermined
By unions whose eyes were open
And management that was blind.

The question is undecided
That touches on Stephanie Grant:
Was she just an assembly worker,
Or really a Cowley plant?

We can't have the work disrupted
By burrowing from within;
But where, in the purge of the hard left,
Does the soft left begin?

Whatever the infiltration,
The Maestro is bound to sell –
Or should it be called the Talpa,
A mole that's a car as well?

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Gissa missile

E. P. Thompson despairs of the Freeze supporters who wanted the fleet bearing cruise missiles

New Hampshire

AT THE END OF MARCH the US Navy announced that it was looking round for a home port in which to base the new *Iowa* fleet – equipped with sea-launched cruise missiles. The *Iowa* itself is a recently 'modernised' World War II battleship. Part of its decks can now be cleared as a launch platform for cruise missiles.

There are four such battleships being redeployed and each will be at the centre of a naval taskforce. Two of them will function in the Pacific – the *New Jersey* based on Long Beach, California, the *Missouri* at Pearl Harbour, Hawaii. The location of the *Wisconsin* task force is still undecided.

The *Iowa* battle group will function in (or from) the North Atlantic. According to excellent briefing materials prepared by the Boston peace movement, the *Iowa* will command a force of from seven to 15 naval vessels. The core fleet may consist of the following:

- Battleship *Iowa:* 100 sea-launched cruise missiles, capable of carrying strategic nuclear warheads (200-300 kiloton range).
- Jump jets.
- ASROC nuclear-tipped 'tactical' (i.e. 1 kiloton) anti-ship and anti-submarine missiles.
- Nine 16-inch guns and 12 5-inch guns.
- Marine landing-forces.
- Two guided missile destroyers, each carrying eight ASROC nuclear-tipped missiles, surface-to-air missiles, etc.
- One cruiser with 20 ASROC missiles, etc.
- One destroyer with 24 ASROC missiles, nuclear depth charges and nuclear-tipped torpedoes.
- Two frigates, each with eight ASROC missiles.

It will be possible, in addition, to equip the cruiser and destroyers with sea-launched cruise missiles. But what is the purpose of the *Iowa* taskforce? The beauty of it is, in military eyes, that it can be used for so many foul and incendiary purposes that it is better to leave its functions undefined.

In terms of US inter-service rivalries, the comeback of the battleship as a cruise launch-platform provided the answer to the army's MX and the USAF's 'Stealth' and B-1 bombers. Together with submarine-launched cruise missiles and Trident, this is – as Joseph Gerson, the Peace Education Secretary of the American Friends Service Committee has put it – 'a floating version of the MX shell game'.

The most obvious area of floating will be in the Northern Atlantic, somewhere below the Greenland-Iceland-Scotland 'gap' through which Soviet naval forces would come down from the Norwegian sea, or over which long-range Soviet bombers might be expected to fly to strike at Europe through its 'back door'.

But strategy could indicate other locations, closer into European waters. Their military advantages of mobility here tie in with even greater political advantages. Sea-launched missiles have 'low political visibility' and even lower potential as targets for peace movement demonstrators. Their very 'invisibility' could (if need be) get Chancellor Kohl and Mrs Thatcher off the hook.

The *Iowa* task force could do more than that. It could turn the concept of 'air-land battle' into 'sea-air-land battle', introducing new niceties of 'graduated response' into a protracted, escalating nuclear war. And in times of tension it could augment the Rapid Deployment Froce, could surge into the Mediterranean, could target the Middle East, or could stand off the Libyan or West African coast. It could become a pirate fleet for interventions in the Third World.

THE US NAVY angled diligently for the favours of three rival home ports for the *Iowa* fleet – Boston, Newport, (Rhode Island) and New York. One would have thought that each port would have repudiated this ugly visitor, but, in fact, most of the civic authorities and local politicians promptly angled back most fervently. The Navy promised that the chosen port would gain 3,000 new civilian jobs and the custom of 4,000 naval personnel, and the civic authorities in ports hit badly by recession and unemployment were dizzy with the prospects.

What was sad was that some of the loudest champions of the virtues of their own home ports as a base for the *Iowa* task force were also politicians noted for their endorsement of the Freeze. The campaign to bring the *Iowa* to New York was led by Alan Sagner, chairman of the Port Authority, who is also general chairman of the New Jersey Campaign for a Nuclear Weapons Freeze. Prominent political 'freezers' from New Jersey, Rhode Island and Massachusetts have also joined in the public lobbying to bring the *Iowa* to their own states. The entire Massachusetts Congressional delegation (although coming from a state with active majority support for the Freeze) signed a letter to John Lehman, Secretary for the Navy calling for the *Iowa* fleet to be based on Boston.

This illustrates the brittleness at the top of the Freeze movement: many of those politicians who came forward as Freeze supporters, once public opinion in their constituencies was aroused and the Freeze seemed to be a likely vote winner, can, when it seems that there might be more votes to be won in the cry for jobs, transfer their allegiance overnight to a weapons escalation.

Opponents of the project in Boston say that, in fact, the job opportunities have been grossly exaggerated. As to the manifest dangers of bringing on-board nuclear weapons into harbours surrounded by vast population areas (New York, Boston), the US Navy is lying low and saying nothing.

In the end, the grand contest as to which city should be the chief candidate on the East Coast as World War III prime target was won by New York. The *Iowa* task force will be stationed on Staten Island.

Congratulations are due to the citizens of Boston, who did something to chase the task force away from their harbour. It seems that the Powers on High were worried lest the citizens of Boston and of Massachusetts might actually be serious about their numerous resolutions for peaceful courses and for the Freeze.

The mental processes of the officials and elected representatives of New York and New Jersey who worked so hard to move NYC up to a top place as target in the extinction charts defies understanding. Not one of them appears to have asked any question about reciprocal USA-USSR targeting of bases for nuclear delivery systems. Nor does one of them appear to have asked what this pirate and intervention fleet was for, nor where it was likely to go.

They did, it is true, ask just one little question about the presence of nuclear weapons on the fleet. 'Asked about whether nuclear weapons would be brought into the port, Mr Lehman said that the Navy had a long-standing policy of not commenting on such questions.' That was a splendid and inscrutable answer, but not very good copy for the *New York Times* of 30 July. So Representative Joseph P. Addabbo, Democrat, of Queens (whom I suppose to be a well-known nuclear strategist) jumped in to give Mr Lehman loyal support.

' "He can't answer," interjected Mr Addabbo, "but I can. No ship comes into port with a nuclear weapon aboard." ' Is there then a nuclear ammunition depot ship, perhaps anchored in Long Island Sound, onto which the task force off loads all the nuclear stuff before coming in to home base?

But the *New York Times* of Sunday 31 July carried a different story. When Senator Lautenberg (Democrat) of New Jersey and Representative Molinari asked whether the ships would carry nuclear weapons, they were told that 'they would not be armed in port'.

But the 'arming' of nuclear weapons, as every lay person knows, takes place only at the moment of launch. It is perfectly clear that cruise missiles and other nuclear weapons *will* come into New York harbour, and that these will be in exactly the same state of (unarmed) preparedness as those which are being sent to Greenham Common and Comiso. □

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AUSTRALIA

Dreaming path

Janet Wright reports on a campaign by Aborigines to save their ancient sacred sites from destruction

Alice Springs

ALICE SPRINGS looks as near as a place could be to the middle of nowhere, if you locate it on a map of Australia's arid and sparsely-populated 'Red Centre'. 'Red' for the dusty soil that pervades cars, clothes and hair, causes trachoma in the eyes of Aboriginal children and makes a spectacular if desolate landscape. It is also about as far as you could get from the sea, which is one reason why many of Alice's 18,000 inhabitants want an artificial lake created in the semi-desert.

But to the Aborigines who form a quarter of the Northern Territory's population the land is far from isolated. It is studded with sacred sites, criss-crossed with paths first trodden by their ancestors during the Dreamtime, the beginning of the world, and inhabited by their friends and relatives.

The two groups met head-on this year when the Northern Territory government approved funding for a dam which would flood one of the Arrernte people's sacred sites: Welatye Therre, the Two Breasts. Welatye Therre (pronounced Wolartja-tara), a hill on the edge of Alice Springs, is a women's sacred site. Each sex has its own holy places but these are respected by the whole tribe.

Rosie Ferber, one of the site's traditional owners, said, 'We've been trying to stop that dam going up, on behalf of our women's Dreaming. There would be sickness among women: when damage is done we end up getting sick in some part of our bodies that's represented by the sacred objects that have been damaged.' After negotiations broke down a group of Arrernte people moved on to the site in April, raised the Aboriginal flag and vowed the dam would not be built.

Local Labor Party parliamentarian Neil Bell has long supported the Aborigines' claims and federal minister for Aboriginal Affairs, Clyde Holding, is now considering bringing in legislation on land rights and the protection of sacred sites. State governments have recognised the existence of sacred sites and some have agreed to the right of Aborigines to claim unalienated Crown land if they can prove a traditional link with that area. Aboriginal activists want these land rights established under federal law to protect them in states such as the Northern Territory which oppose the principle of land rights.

Myrtle Kennedy Nappanangka (right) and a fellow campaigner

The people of Warumungu are taking the Northern Territory government to the high court in Canberra this month as a result of the state's announcement, during a land rights hearing, that it had taken out leases on some of the land under claim. The Warumungu people were shocked to hear that the government was taking over the most fertile part of the land they were claiming – including Ngurrantiji, where they had been living for the last seven years – and leaving them with a patch of semi-desert. Myrtle Kennedy Nappanangka, one of the traditional owners of the disputed land, said: 'That big government put his foot on our country when he sent a telegram.' Though many of the Warumungu people have never been out of the area in their lives they plan to go to Canberra for the hearing and are now raising funds for the journey.

The Northern Territory government has shown a mixed attitude to Aboriginal feelings by setting up a Sacred Sites Authority and more recently bulldozing one of the sites. Shortly before the Arrernte people decided to occupy Welatye Therre another sacred site in Alice Springs, Injalka, was partially demolished to make way for a road serving the golf course and casino. An official sign stating that the penalty for desecration was up to 12 months in prison and a $2,000 fine had been moved out of the way. The Northern Territory Sacred Sites Authority is now to take its own government to court.

The central issue for most Aboriginal activists is land rights, not yet accepted in some states and restricted in others. Land ownership means such different things to the two races that it is hard for the whites to understand the blacks' point of view – most Aborigines understand more about white Australian culture since they are constantly exposed to it.

Traditional ownership of the land meant the right to live, hunt and gather food there, the obligation to maintain sacred sites – not the right to sell or damage it or prevent anyone else entering if they had a traditional right to be on the same ground. Shelters were easily erected and left behind when the group moved on. Ceremonies reaffirmed their link with the land as they followed the traditional paths across their territory. There was no concept of 'conquering' or 'taming' the land. Different groups were linked by the Dreaming paths which stretched across their territories and some had obligations to maintain and hold ceremonies at sites on other people's grounds. The Two Women Dreaming, which goes through Welatye Therre, stretches the

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depth of the continent from south to north and has done for 40,000 years.

TWO HUNDRED years of white settlement have devastated Australia's fragile ecology, notably through tree felling and the introduction of foreign animals: some with hooves that broke down the soil and others, such as cats, that have wiped out whole species of smaller animals.

One of the land rights movement's claims is for compensation for people who can no longer find their family land – not always a simple matter after the forced evacuations on to settlements and missions during the nineteenth century. Half-caste children were taken from their mothers under government policy until the late 1960s, and some of these have tried unsuccessfully to retrace their real families.

Much of the land regained under land rights claims is considered unusable by whites, which is why no one else was using it, but it was this harshness and isolation that helped the native culture to survive. Away from the urbanised coastal strip English is a second or third language to many people.

Too much land has been stocked with sheep and cattle to allow a return to the traditional nomadic life of hunting and gathering, but many Aborigines are setting up outstations: running their own cattle while keeping to their old lifestyle in other ways.

Land rights would give Aborigines real control of their land for the first time. At present most land in Australia is held on leases from the Crown, which do not include mineral rights. 1980 saw unprecedented solidarity among Aboriginal groups and trade unions when an American oil company, Amex, moved onto sacred ground at Noonkanbah in Western Australia, after months of protest by the occupants and a union ban on the site. Non-union labour finally brought the oil rigs in, backed by the Western Australia government and escorted by police, but it was a turning point for the land rights movement.

Pastoral leases are now beyond most people's means anyway, with vast tracts of land held by foreign interests including multinational companies and overseas governments. Territory obtained under land rights law belongs freehold to the Aboriginal owners.

Meanwhile on the edge of Alice Springs a group of Arrernte people have sat out some of the coldest and unseasonably wettest weather in many years and are prepared to sit through the scorching summer. An enquiry into the issue will start when all groups involved have agreed on the terms of reference. □

Messages of support and donations can be sent to the Welatye Therre Defence Committee at PO Box 2363, Alice Springs, NT 5750 and to the Warumungu people c/o Ross Williams, NAC, Tennant Creek, NT 5760. Clyde Holding, Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, is at Parliament House, Canberra, ACT. Paul Everingham, Chief Minister for the Northern Territory, is at the Office of the Chief Minister, Darwin, NT.

UNITED STATES

Bearing gifts

Claudia Wright on who gives what to the President

Washington

WHEN FOREIGN chieftains bear tribute to the imperial capital of Washington, the ceremonies are more discreet than the elaborate, public displays arranged by the ancient emperors.

In the old days, chariot loads of severed heads, nubile women and jewels were paraded to titillate the popular appetite for more imperial adventures. Nowadays, the American people are jaded with adventure – the appetite that requires titillating is that of the President himself, and his wife and their intimate circle of officials.

Once a year, under a US law in effect since 1979, the Administration must provide a public accounting of the tribute and gifts it has received. This gift list draws back the veil on tribute paying at the White House and, incidentally, provides a clue to the most insecure among America's current friends and clients. For there is one rule that has never changed – those who bear the most expensive or extravagant gifts are those on the verge of bankruptcy, or most fearful of losing their thrones and lives.

In general, the solvent, stable democracies provide tokens of modest size and price: in June 1982, former German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt presented Mr Reagan with an album of photographs of his visit, a letter opener and three bottles of German wine valued at $12.

But the value of gifts climbs as the insecurities of the Administration's foreign friends mount. According to the 1982 gift list, Mr Reagan's friends must have become doubly insecure since his first year in office – in 1981, he and his wife received gifts officially appraised at $96,751; in 1982, they received $182,637 in value.

The largest gift in 1981 came from the President of Mexico, as his country teetered on the brink of bankruptcy and default of US loans; he presented ostrich eggs implanted on a silver base carved with Aztec symbols, sculptures of cowboys and art works worth $32,575. In December 1982, General Zia ul-Haq, the dictator of Pakistan, presented a silk rug and a portrait of Mr Reagan composed in lapis lazuli, the eyes cast in diamond chips. Together, the gifts are worth over $15,000.

Zia and King Hassan of Morocco assiduously cultivate the President's circle and those lesser officials on whose protection they directly depend. Both have showered gifts on General Vernon Walters, the former Deputy Director of the CIA and currently ambassador-at-large for special missions. From Hassan, Walters received a fragment of natural silver, mounted and inscribed, worth $3,000.

Giving silver to Walters may bring bad luck. In 1981, he received a silver dagger from General Leopoldo Galtieri, the Argentine dictator deposed in 1982. Walters also received a silver tray from General Ahmed Dlimi, commander of the Moroccan armed forces and intelligence, who was assassinated on 25 January 1983.

US law forbids the President, his wife or officials from keeping these gifts for themselves. So long as Mr and Mrs Reagan are in office, they may keep the objects they like – otherwise, they are sent to the National Archives for storage, or to a government agency for disposal. The fate of a gift thus tells much about its real value to the President. King Hussein of Jordan has tried hard to please with a beaded, tassled saddle and a sculpture of a horse in silver, gold and marble; both were packed off to the archives. An Australian stockman's saddle, however, from former Australian prime minister Malcolm Fraser, has been retained by the President for 'official display'. A third saddle from King Hassan, by far the most expensive one, has been kept at the ranch where it is favoured with the President's use.

In paying tribute to the President, the gift givers dare not give to him without giving, at the same time, to Mrs Nancy Reagan. She is so important that an inventory of the gifts intended for her alone has been published for the first time. In a unique perception of Mrs Reagan's relationship to her son (Ronald Junior, a ballet dancer), Mrs Mitsy Seaga, wife of the Jamaican prime minister, presented a figurine entitled 'Koo Koo or Actor Boy' – a male figure elaborately dressed as a female, wearing an actor's mask.

Madame Marcos and her husband offered the most tasteless, as well as the most functional gifts for 1982. To the White House they despatched a simulated Christmas tree made of mother-of-pearl, six feet high and weighing 270 lbs. To Mr and Mrs Reagan, the Marcos duumvirate also gave a Japanese vibrating chair; to Mrs Barbara Bush, wife of the Vice President, they gave a motorised massage chair; to General Haig, a chair that vibrated as it reclined. Only Haig sent his to disposal.

The law allows that some tribute payers may retain anonymity when they pay, but only the Salvadoran junta could have conceived of sending William Casey, the CIA director, this gift – a bronze sculpture of a naked woman, a baby on her back, with her hands in the 'hands up' position on her head.

Queen Elizabeth sent the most expensive personal gift of 1982 – three 18th-century Worcester dessert dishes valued at $9,000. The Prince of Wales and Princess Diana sent along a Wedgewood vase worth $2,400, and the Duke of Edinburgh left an autographed colour picture of himself. In a more tasteful adaptation of the Pakistani gift with diamond-studded eyes, Mrs Thatcher presented a music box that plays 'Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes'. □

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SOUTH AFRICA

Drying out

Philip Willan reports on a worsening drought

SOUTH AFRICA is in the grip of its worst drought this century. If the rains fail again this year in October and November the country could face a catastrophe. Few South Africans like to contemplate the possibility but according to some experts the country is three years into an eight-year cycle of drought and the worst is yet to come.

'It's very serious but it's going to get worse,' says Professor David Stephenson, a hydrologist from Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg. The rainfall drought is the worst for 50 years but the riverflow drought is the worst for 200 years, he says. There are a number of factors which aggravate the effects of the drought, foremost of which is the country's increased demand for water, both for industry and for agriculture, with larger areas of land under cultivation than ever before.

Paradoxically, the building of new farm dams causes water to seep into the ground without reaching the rivers and so becoming evenly distributed, while in other areas the expansion of towns causes the water to run off too quickly, without seeping into the ground. 'We have very bad drainage laws in this country,' says Stephenson. 'There is no forced water detention as in Canada or the United States.' Part of the blame for this lies with South Africa's desperate pursuit of economic growth in order to avoid labour unrest.

Another factor behind the drought is the overuse of land by poor farmers, both black and white. This trend is exacerbated by the government's Homelands policy which drives unemployed blacks out of the townships and into the unproductive countryside. South Africa is a dry country and it is getting dryer. 'The Kalahari desert is moving east at a rate of one kilometre a year. Within 100 years there will be desert in Johannesburg,' says Stephenson.

The effects of the drought are not felt uniformly throughout the country. The southern Cape area is actually wetter than usual. In the business capital of Johannesburg the use of garden hoses is restricted to one hour a week but swimming pools can still be topped up or filled. In the homelands there are no crops and virtually no water. One relief worker told of seeing women queueing at springs for up to 36 hours in order to fill a bucket of water. In the independent homeland of Bophutuswana over 30,000 donkeys have been slaughtered because there is no fodder for them.

'The water shortage is very desperate,' says David Cuthbert of the relief organisation World Vision. 'In the Eastern Transvaal village of Jerusalem, by August there will only be enough water for a quarter of the population.' In some areas the South African army has been delivering water by road, but in others individuals have been exploiting the situation. In one case a truck driver was found selling drums of water at one rand a time, a considerable sum.

The drought has also been causing problems for South Africa's highly developed industrial economy. Houses have been cracking and water pipes bursting as the dry ground shrinks. Industry has been asked to save water and South Africa's largest car manufacturer, Toyota, has managed to cut consumption by 1 million litres a day. An ambitious project is currently under way to reverse the flow of the Vaal River to carry water from the Grootdraai Dam to the power stations in the Eastern Transvaal which provide 80 per cent of the country's electricity. Ironically, the project was aided by the swift delivery from Sweden of sophisticated underwater pumps just at the same time as Sweden was contributing over 4 million dollars to the ANC for 'the victims of South African apartheid'.

Though Prof. Stephenson believes that much more could be done to meet South African industry's water needs by recycling waste water, if the rains should fail again the government could be faced by the stark choice of water for industry or water for people. One thing that may influence it to opt for people is the importance it attaches to its Homelands policy. It is desperate to prove they work.

Relief workers are confident that in the short term at least the problem within South Africa can be handled, but the drought could have serious repercussions for other drought-stricken African countries to the north. Normally South Africa produces 57 per cent of the agricultural output of the entire continent and South African maize has been found in countries as far north as Kenya. Until now South Africa has been importing maize not to feed itself but to fulfil its export contracts. Should it be unable to continue this, the pinch would be felt elsewhere in Africa.

Despite its tragic side, the drought may also bring some benefits. It has forced rural Africans to reduce the level of their livestock (cattle rather than money being the measure of their wealth), which should lead to a reduction in overgrazing. It has also led to a greater receptiveness to new farming practices which are being promoted by the aid organisations in an attempt to encourage the rural Africans to become self-sufficient in food.

Relief workers speak of a heartening response to their appeals, both from private individuals and from companies. But natural calamity points up the inequality of South African society, where first world and third world co-exist side by side. According to Stephenson, if the rains fail for another year it will mean disaster 'both for the rural African who is going to die and for the whites who are dependent on a flourishing economy'. □

WEST GERMANY

Second sitting

Richard Burns on a thorny problem for the Greens

Bonn

THE GREENS take pride in cultivating their party democracy. Before the March election this year they decided that, should the party reach the Bundestag, its MPs would hold on to their titles for two years before transferring them to successors for the remaining two years of the legislative period. The *Rotationsprinzip* was to ensure that MPs did not lose touch with the grass roots (for which the Greens, fittingly enough, have a great fondness) and that individual personalities did not come to dominate the party.

There was immediate controversy over this political novelty. Justice minister Hans Engelhard declared the changing of MPs in mid-mandate to be 'unconstitutional', and in Berlin the CDU government set up a committee to examine the legality of rotation.

However, the electoral system does allow for it. There are no by-elections in Germany, and if MPs die or resign they are replaced by the next person on the party list. Provided an MP is not removed from Parliament against her or his will, the constitution cannot be invoked.

Although the principle has been established, some doubts have followed. As one Green MP candidly remarked: 'We didn't really think about the workings, at least not for so long in advance. We didn't really know whether we'd make the Bundestag, but we needed some kind of ruling.'

The concern is about experience and continuity. As originally planned, the MPs (27 of them, as it turned out) and their successors would work together in Bonn for the full four years, all with equal voting rights at faction meetings. In this way parliamentary know-how would be shared and gained. One MP, however, has already announced that after his two years he will leave Bonn and return to local work; there are fears that others may do the same.

Working on the optimistic assumption that the Greens are successful again in 1987, will a new pair have to start from scratch? There is a small dissident minority in the party who have criticised rotation since its inception, believing it to be incompatible with parliamentary effectiveness. Last month Wolf-Dieter Hasenclever, the popular Green spokesman in the Baden-Württemberg parliament and an outspoken opponent of rotation, announced that he would not be standing in the forthcoming elections there. He had been given an ulti-

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matum by his constituency party that they would support his candidacy only if he made way for a successor after two years.

The need to sort out the *Rotationsprinzip* is acknowledged, and there are hopes that a compromise four-year mandate will be agreed at the party conference this autumn. In the meantime, with the Bundestag in its summer recess, the Bonn staff have returned home to tend their grass roots. □

EAST TIMOR

Secret war

Carmel Budiardjo reveals Indonesia's military methods

INDONESIA'S EFFORTS to keep its war in East Timor secret have been dealt a severe blow with the capture and publication of an Indonesian Army manual instructing its troops on how to conduct anti-guerrilla warfare against the Fretilin resistance. The manual was captured last December and reached the outside world a couple of months ago. It was first made public when Amnesty International protested about one instruction that advises troops of conditions under which torture may be used. Interrogators may resort to violence, it says, 'when the person under interrogation is having difficulty telling the truth (gives evasive answers)'. Care must be taken not to torture anyone in the presence of other Timorese, to avoid antagonising people. Soldiers are even enjoined not to take photographs of prisoners being tortured, or to make sure that such photographs do not fall into the hands of 'irresponsible elements'.

Apart from proving that torture is condoned by the Army, the manual provides invaluable information on the present state of Indonesia's war in East Timor. Contradicting claims that Fretilin consists of nothing more than a handful of poorly-armed 'security-disruptors', the 82-page manual clearly shows that Indonesia is as far today from subduing resistance to its takeover as it has been since it first invaded the country in December 1975.

The invasion followed within ten days of Fretilin's declaration of independence. After capturing the capital Dili and other towns along the coast and near the border with West Timor, Indonesia's war came to a standstill. Many of the country's 650,000 inhabitants had fled to the mountains with the resistance and managed to sustain themselves for years on the food they could produce in the interior. It was not until Indonesia resorted to massive aerial bombardment in 1977 and 1978, using OV10 Broncos that had been rushed from the USA for the purpose, that Indonesian troops succeeded in destroying these food resources and killing a large number of people. Stricken by hunger and disease, more than 200,000 people were forced down to the coastal plains and herded into strategic hamlets officially called 'settlement areas'.

Around 200,000 people lost their lives during the first five years of the war. Most were killed during the saturation bombing, or died from the starvation and disease that followed in its wake. By 1980, the resistance had reached its lowest point. Well over half the surviving population were living in the hamlets. Many Fretilin leaders had been captured or killed, and its forces were scattered. But by 1981 it had become enough of a threat again for Indonesia to launch a new offensive. Tens of thousands of Timorese were forced to take part in forward patrols, creating a 'fence of legs' that was intended to 'flush out' the guerrillas.

The captured manual provides conclusive evidence of the failure of the 1981 offensive, for it is in effect Indonesia's response to Fretilin's revitalised system of contacts with the population, now heavily concentrated behind the defences of the strategic hamlets. The manual contains eight separate documents, all of which were issued during the second half of 1982.

The documents describe the techniques used for 'breaking up' support networks inside the hamlets. Troops are instructed to undertake painstaking investigation of each village's 'inner workings': the family history of its chieftain and other community figures, and in particular the trustworthiness of villagers who have been recruited into the Civil Guard and other units which are sometimes used against the resistance.

One of the documents gives advice on how to prevent support networks from being created. Plots and gardens cultivated by the inhabitants must all be located close to the hamlet. No one may leave the hamlet for any reason – to till gardens, tend flocks or visit other places – without a 'travel pass'. Trustworthy villagers must be appointed to supervise groups of families; each group should include an 'informer' to check constantly on the whereabouts of every individual and make sure that no one from outside the hamlet is being concealed.

Another document explains how to organise information work to 'neutralise Fretilin propaganda'. Local community leaders must be recruited to help, although trustworthy interpreters must be present when they give their talks (since these are conducted in Tetum, not Indonesian) 'to make sure that the speaker says the right things'.

The first document in the collection lists the criteria for classifying 'trouble spots': villages that are the birth-places of known resistance fighters, villages whose chieftain has relatives in the bush, villages where many of the inhabitants 'are disgruntled because of past deeds of the Indonesian army', villages unable to produce sufficient food, and so on. These are the places where support networks for the resistance can be expected to exist, though 'this does not mean that other villages are clean'.

When Amnesty published its protest against torture, on 20 July, the Indonesian government denied the existence of any manuals issued especially for East Timor. However, on 4 August, the *Far Eastern Economic Review* quoted an unnamed source in the armed forces as saying that such a manual for East Timor could indeed exist though it would not be 'taken into the field'. Another source told the *Review* that Indonesia has been involved in counter-insurgency for decades, so 'we never needed manuals'.

The contradictory denials merely show how embarrassed Indonesia's security forces are by the revelations, which will make it far more difficult for Indonesia to convince other countries that Indonesia's annexation of East Timor is supported by the local population. The revelations could also scupper Indonesia's efforts to have the question of East Timor's self-determination removed once and for all from the agenda of the UN General Assembly this year. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ A doctor is recommending that victims of a nuclear attack should be put out of their misery with a crack on the head. 'As no drugs will have been stockpiled for the population at large, it would appear that the best thing that can be done for them is to hit them over the head with a large stone.' – *The Times* (Dr R. Butler)

☐ Sir, You report today that an albino swallow has just been spotted nesting in Northern Bulgaria. One such rare and lovely creature appeared at Harefield in this parish in 1911. My father was so enchanted with it that he shot it. – Letter in *The Times* (H. Lintott)

☐ Blackmore maintained the weapons were for use in a nuclear fallout shelter he was building in his garden and he only collected them as a hobby. 'The prosecution accepts he was saving them up for use in the holocaust which is eccentric or sensible, depending on your point of view,' Mr Hawkins added. – *Exeter Express & Echo* (Andrew Kirkby)

☐ Resentful workers sacked or made redundant have found a new way to hit back at the boss – by burning down the office or factory. The growing number of 'grudge' fires are thought to be a feature of the recession, according to the Fire Protection Association, on which are represented Britain's leading fire insurance firms. – *The Standard* (Russell Holmes)

THE RELIGION OF TRUTH

Truth is that which is. Our being aware more fully of this reality is a matter of the development of the relevant but normally dormant faculties. We can know much more about the inner and spiritual realms of nature than is generally realised. The religion of truth is a matter of direct experience rather than adherence to dogma and belief.

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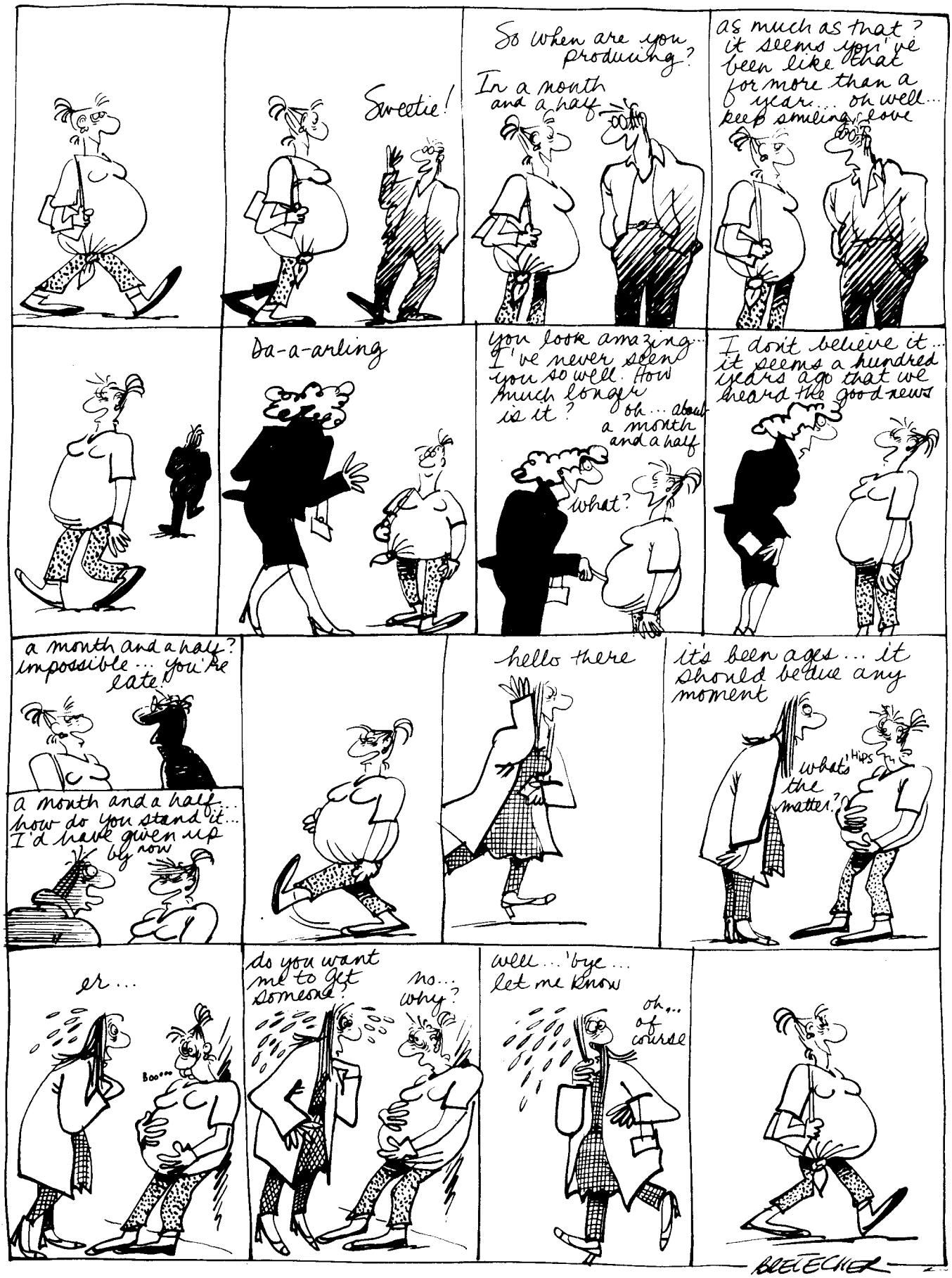
BRETECHER

DATE OF BIRTH


Sweetie!
So when are you producing?
In a month and a half
as much as that? it seems you've been like that for more than a year... oh well... keep smiling, love
Da-a-arling
you look amazing... I've never seen you so well. How much longer is it?
oh... about a month and a half
what?
I don't believe it... it seems a hundred years ago that we heard the good news
a month and a half? impossible... you're late.
a month and a half... how do you stand it... I'd have given up by now
hello there
it's been ages... it should be due any moment
what's the matter?
Hips
er...
Boo...
do you want me to get someone?
no... why?
well... 'bye... let me know
oh... of course
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Conduct unbecoming

Leslie Moody, London SE3

Your leader (*NS* 12 August) on the *Sun*'s Sgt McKay article, while dwelling at length on the sins of the Press Council, surprisingly has little to say on the responsibility of the National Union of Journalists (NUJ). Does dog *never* eat dog? It is pertinent surely to observe that the article was researched, put (slung?) together and written by professional journalists; and that, given that the NUJ has a closed shop on that paper, they are all (unless the FOC is not doing his job) members of that union.

Membership of the NUJ carries with it acknowledgement of, and obligation towards, the union's admirable Code of Conduct. The *Sun* article was as flagrant a breach of the Code as it is possible to imagine, yet I have not noticed the *Sun* chapel taking a principled stand against the editorial policy of its own paper *and* acting upon it. Just as I have not noticed an individual *Sun* journalist refusing, for example, to write those cretinous and shamefully sexist (another NUJ hang up) captions that accompany the more lubricious of the page three pictures.

The NUJ preens itself for blackballing the Press Council – without, of course, promoting any constructive alternative – and annually lectures the TUC on the same subject. But, as I have been moved myself to say at Congress more than once, before the NUJ pontificates to the rest of us, it ought to try harder to put its own house in order.

Cowley: ominous implications

Lynne Amidon, Martyn Day, Patricia Holland, Ralph Miliband, Francis Mulhern, John Palmer, Lynne Segal, for the Steering Committee of the Socialist Society, London, W1

The episode of the Cowley 13 has been widely reported and discussed in the past week, in terms that give cause for alarm. We reject the bland assurances of BL's management and the CBI that the affair has no intrinsic political implications; nor are we much comforted by the cautious formulations of the TGWU.

Of course there is room for more than one evaluation of the sacked workers' actions, on the Left as elsewhere. But that is not the main issue. What should concern all socialists – indeed all sincere democrats – is the potential threat to the political freedoms of wage-earners in this country.

That this consideration is not merely alarmist is shown by the manner of most media coverage of the affair. From BBC2's *Newsnight* to the *Sun*, the constant talk has been of 'moles', 'plots' and 'infiltration'.

This is deeply irresponsible journalism. Only compare it with the complacent coverage of the really dramatic acts of 'infiltration' in recent times: a systematic series of Conservative political appointments to major industrial and financial enterprises – and notably BL's own Michael Edwardes.

More seriously still, the language of these reports is that of red-baiting and spy fiction. Its effect is to suggest a new kind of 'treason': political (i.e. socialist) infiltration of employment. As such it is an outrage, exposing who knows how many on the Left to 'charges' that are not only anti-democratic but also unanswerable. How can an active socialist prove that she/he has not taken a job for ulterior political reasons? It is impossible.

We must not allow particular judgments to distract us from the ominous implications of the Cowley affair. The danger comes not from the luckless 13 but from those who are already exploiting their misadventure to push us all in the direction of a British McCarthyism.

Can't cope?

Michael Carlson, London NW1

Bill Greenwell cannot cope with having his picture taken. Anne Smith cannot cope with money. Jeremy Lewis cannot cope with anything. What is the point of First Person? Even John McVicar was better than this. This week Jeremy Lewis refers proudly to his 'natural incompetence'. It is strange to think of this as a condition of being an *NS* columnist.

At least Paul Foot is back at the Diary. I suppose it won't last because he a) is not an MP, b) can write and c) has something to say.

Hot seat

Frank Height, School of Industrial Design, Royal College of Art

As one of the 'baronial' professors at the RCA attacked in your Design column, (*NS* 22 July) I am writing, not on my own behalf, but on that of my student whose chair provoked such outraged disapproval from your correspondent, Jules Lubbock.

While Mr Lubbock is perfectly entitled to express his criticism, it would, perhaps, have been fairer to the student if he had also discussed his more important project, which was a brilliantly conducted analysis of the new Kodak disc camera followed by a series of alternative design developments carried out with maturity and originality rare even among professional designers.

In fact he scarcely needs my protection being employed by a major consultancy immediately on leaving College, while the provocative chair was also immediately considered for production by an international manufacturer, not noted for backing losers.

Mr Lubbock clearly has a deep interest in the College but it is a pity that he seems to be unaware of the real work going on there and, in particular, some of the new developments, many of which are taking place in the School of Industrial Design. For others with a similar interest, just one of these developments will be featured in *Design Matters* to be shown on Channel 4 at 6.30 on 15 September, where an independent producer and camera crew filmed and interviewed freely within the School. This programme might give a small insight to the work of the College different from that expressed by Mr Lubbock.

To beat or not to beat

Nick Child, Consultant Psychiatrist, Stewarton Steer Clinic, Wishaw

I have occasionally gone as far as to take a swipe at my kids (as they do at me). So, as one of the 'many liberal-minded parents . . . who still beat their children at home' (Editorial 5 August), I naturally feel like hitting back when you get me on a sore spot like that. The editorial strikes me as omnipotently righteous and arrogantly simplistic about the complicated and varied kinds, degrees and circumstances of hitting children.

Agony can be produced just as well by a parent's icily perfect, no-touch technique, that may rely on disinterest and rejection to establish control. At work, I see some of the consequences of simply forbidding people to hit children (though I am not arguing against that). Corporal punishment in many instances used to allow a school, children's home, or family, to deal with their child's misdemeanour and continue to work together albeit with questionable mutual satisfaction. In some schools and homes, now, especially those with low levels of staffing, skill and morale, the belt is replaced by suspending or expelling kids to await the impersonal, bureaucratic, no-touch techniques of rejection, and passing 'the case' on to still more distant places. Some parents who have problems with their children are clearly attached enough to them to make it unthinkable to look for that extremely rare commodity, good foster parents or other substitute care. Yet the parents are so paralysed by the belief that the social worker will have to take steps if they touch their child, that the child ends up rejected in some residential setting anyway, to be looked after by shifts of 'caring professionals' who move on after a while, letting the case drift along – using the no-touch technique, of course.

In future, when you bridge the gap between political ideology and personal reality, please would you apply your usual degree of intelligence and attention to detail.

Rates – what alternatives?

Cllr C. J. Bramley, Vice-Chair, Finance Committee, London Borough of Barking & Dagenham

Your editorial (5 August) entitled 'The rate of democracy' asked the right sort of question but dodged any sort of answer.

A means of independent revenue and independent revenue-raising powers are necessary for local government. If these do not exist, all we are left with is mere local administration. This is what the Tories are aiming for and what the recent White Paper has set out to do. The Labour Party must hammer home this undemocratic development and what it means. We should hammer the Tories for their pledges to abolish rates and their abdication of those pledges.

However, your editorial falls into the same trap as the White Paper: sure, rates are unpopular – and rightly so – but what on earth do we replace them with? Abolition of rates is easier said than done. If the Labour Party is to promise abolition of rates then we must have the alternative worked out. If we haven't agreed on the alternative, then we shouldn't make promises of abolition and keep our mouths shut about it. At least the White Paper recognises that all the alternatives have as many drawbacks as rates.

Probably the one change which could command some measure of cross-Labour Party support would be keeping rates as a base topped up with local income tax. Rates do have two advantages – they are easy to assess and collect and, above all, they are difficult to dodge. Local income tax does present problems: is it a tax where people live or work; who does the assessment and collection; how can we prevent evasion and avoidance?

The questions are easy to pose and instead of quick, facile answers like those provided by the Tories and the Alliance, let's get the debate going and the alternatives thrashed out. The electorate are out there to be convinced.

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from Dylan to Sex Pistols . . .

Camera Press

Syndication International

Jon Cook

Compensation music

Sound Effects: Youth, Leisure and the Politics of Rock
SIMON FRITH *Constable* £8.95 & £4.95

Sound Effects is a clear, well-made account of rock 'n' roll and that's no small achievement, given the tendency of rock 'n' roll writing to hysterical gossip and sycophantic knowingness. Simon Frith declares early on in his book that he is a rock fan but he doesn't write as one. The reader is invited to understand rather than to adore, and understanding comes, in the first instance, from setting the music in a richly elaborated historical and social context. Frith traces the origins of rock in other kinds of music – blues, country, folk and pop – and then goes on to provide a detailed analysis of the ways in which rock music is produced and consumed.

The resulting story concerns the unstable relationship between the consumers of youth and the consuming young. On the one hand, there is the avaricious and paternalistic entertainment industry, concerned to stabilise taste in order to secure profits. On the other there is, or until quite recently was, a growing body of young people with sufficient economic power and leisure to assert their own taste in music. The relationship is unstable because neither side really knows the other. Frith points up the chronic anxiety in the entertainment industry about what it is the young really want. The hit parade is surrounded by a large number of misses as the record companies overproduce in their attempt to follow the shifting tastes of the young: only seven to eight per cent of the 10,000 singles released each year in Britain and the United States appear in the Charts. The rest disappear, largely unheard and unsold – unless, that is, there is a fanatic of failure somewhere amassing a collection of the thousands of records that never made it, the basis for the real history of rock 'n' roll. The wastefulness in the commercial production of rock 'n' roll can be borne easily enough by record companies in times of expanding market demand, as in the Sixties and early Seventies.

Frith writes with perception about this period of rock 'n' roll history, showing how the increase in audience size corresponded to the development of a new middle-class constituency of rock 'n' roll fans, concerned to legitimate their taste by making political and aesthetic claims for the music. Although rock music clearly changed in ways that helped give substance to these claims, the idea that rock pitted a newly liberated individual and collective expression against the interests of commerce and capital is treated with a proper scepticism by Frith. Record companies were quite prepared to accommodate the bohemian self-images of rock stars as long as their records continued to sell. Shifts in the taste and constituency of rock consumers did not make a cultural revolution despite the PR man's hype, and claims for rock 'n' roll's subversive power, as in the notorious CBS advertisement, 'The Revolutionaries are on Columbia', easily became part of the sales talk. Rock artists explored their subjectivities in the context of accumulating dollar bills and the real excitement lay not in opposing art to commerce but in the idea that you could be a wayward, expressive individual *and* make lots of money at the same time. It is here that one function of the Sixties rock star comes into focus, as a fantasy figure who appeared to transcend the division between making a living and enjoying a life.

Sound Effects traces the demise of the Sixties version of rock 'n' roll in the impact of punk music and economic recession. Recession did not produce catastrophic change in the record industry, but it did bring out its inherent conservatism, reflected in the changing image of the rock star, no longer a political or aesthetic visionary but a good entertainer, Elton John rather than Bob Dylan. Punk was an attempt to challenge the bloated apparatus of rock as entertainment, to reclaim the music from ageing rock stars and their audiences. This meant creating independent institutions for recording music, although these proved by no means immune to the desire to move 'upmarket' and into a collaboration with the established record companies. But punk was also an angry satire on what rock music had become, with its aesthetic pretensions and dreams of subjective power. The central and reactive stance of punk left it with particular problems of direction. Rather than a renewal, punk was more like a savage dance on the corpse of rock music, and as such it was condemned to the repetition of a fading rage or a relentless exposure of the convention ridden nature of what had been thought of as an expressive music.

If one of the virtues of *Sound Effects* is in the detailed history it gives of rock music as a branch of the entertainment industry, another lies in the attention that Simon

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Frith gives to rock 'n' roll as youth music. Against both the pessimistic critique which sees rock music as the manipulation of a passive audience and the optimistic account which sees rock as the expression of an oppressed class or generation, Frith insists that the meanings of rock 'n' roll can best be discerned in the contexts of its use. The dominant context here is evidently leisure, but the leisure of the young is not an undifferentiated category. *Sound Effects* provides an impressive body of evidence as to the different ways young people use their leisure, and these differences are, in their turn, connected to differences of class and gender. What emerges from the account is the picture of an active audience, selecting among the music on offer for the fantasies most appropriate to their use of leisure time. If there is a politics of rock 'n' roll at all, it is at once disclosed and restricted by the ways young people use their leisure. Those uses are something that the entertainment industry can try to regulate for the purposes of profit. It cannot, however, dictate the meanings that the young attach to their free time.

As with other useful works of social and historical analysis, the understanding of rock 'n' roll provided by Frith's book brings disenchantment with it. This is, indeed, a subdued theme of the book, one that surfaces towards its end, when Frith asserts his faith in rock music despite his impressive arguments about its limits as a medium for significant cultural change. There is little evidence that, as youth leisure turns into youth unemployment, rock 'n' roll will provide young people with the means to control their lives in fact rather than fantasy. It will probably continue to do what it has done most of the time these past 30 years and that is to compensate the young for their powerlessness. □

PSYCHOANALYSIS
Vincent Brome

The it-man

Freud and Man's Soul
BRUNO BETTELHEIM *Chatto* £6.95

This is a slender book of 111 pages but it has revolutionary implications. Have we, all these years, been reading a falsified text of Freud which betrays his true intentions and makes it necessary to re-assess the whole meaning of his work?

The Italians have a phrase, *traditore traduttore*; and the most subtle translator is liable to be led astray when he enters an alien culture rather than an alien language. Reworking the English translation of Freud, the distinguished writer and teacher Bruno Bettelheim shows that key terms like *ego* and *id* have resonances in their cultural context very different from the precise English meanings given by James Strachey.

The famous trinity, Ego, Id and Super-Ego derive from the German *Ich, es* and *Uber-Ich*, but placed in their correct context these terms become I, It and The Above-I. The second translation is Bettelheim's, making no concessions to grace in the interests of accuracy. Cultural differences are exemplified in the German word *Seele*, which Strachey rendered mind and Bettelheim soul.

The paradox of Freud, the atheist, using the word soul is resolved by expressing it in German terms – the essence of a man – and is brought into sharper focus by a letter Freud wrote to his friend Oscar Pfister: 'I want to entrust analysis to a profession which does not yet exist, a profession of secular ministers of souls who don't have to be physicians and must not be priests.'

The word *es* in German carries connotations of spontaneous impishness which the word *id* overdetermines with primal aggression. Even psycho-analysis itself when spelt out in true Freudian terms combines two words of Greek origin: *Psyche*, the soul – a term full of rich overtones – and *analysis*, meaning to take apart and scientifically examine. Characteristically, anti-Freudians accuse Freud's model of being unscientific but the word *Wissenschaft* in German has a much broader meaning than science in English, and would easily accommodate Freud's activities.

What are we left with? *Ich* becomes I instead of ego, *die Seele* becomes the soul instead of the mind, and *es* becomes it instead of id. The whole nature of the model has thus undergone a shift towards German transcendentalism. In place of a semi-scientific empirical model which analyses psychological behaviour, we have a method of gaining access to our unconscious and coming to know our soul.

It is easy to see why Strachey decided on his approach. By camouflaging high-flown terms like soul in scientific terminology and giving the whole model a pragmatic purpose, Strachey reconciled the English resistance to German metaphysical thinking and laid the groundwork for the Americans to make the whole apparatus resemble a technology.

The inevitable question occurs. Sigmund and Anna Freud read most of the essay translations and gave their approval. Did they accept Strachey's work as a necessary compromise? Given the rigour with which they pursued the one true faith it is unlikely that either would have settled for anything but what they regarded as the truth. Moreover Strachey's model did provide the scientific respectability which most workers in the field desired, but it also created the scapegoat so persistently attacked by men like Frank Cioffi and Brian Farrell.

No less important, the Jung-Freud feud was still echoing through the movement when Strachey delivered his translation and concessions to 'souls' or the 'above I' would have smelt of Jungian heresy. Any emphasis which escaped that contagion must have struck a sympathetic chord with Freud.

There are many ways of seeing psychoanalysis. One school now regards it not as a causal science but an intuitive gestalt which, stripped of some of its more pretentious early claims, gives a much better understanding of the self. Bettelheim's model is different but in the same class. A quote from Freud given in the preface – 'psychoanalysis is in essence a cure through love' – seems to me pitching it high, but this is a seminal book. Whether Strachey's translation traduced Freud can only be answered by recalling that Sigmund Freud and his daughter sanctioned its publication; but did they fully understand the English meaning of the terms? □

Anthony Thwaite

Afterwards

Look at it now: a country drugged with language,
Familiar streets and houses with their posters
Stripped from the walls and windows, the dead echoes
Of rhetoric still lingering on the air,
Prolonged in chat-shows and in interviews.
Exhausted faces grey with newspapers,
Poets reading to embarrassed sniggers,
The sound turned down, the vision flickering.

So for the jeremiads, the post-mortems,
The letters-columns stiff with rectitudes.

I can't believe all this. I'm feigning anger,
Or disillusion, or the end of things.
My little world is not made cunningly,
And yet it's made, has lasted until now.

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BIOGRAPHY
Patricia Craig

Constance

The Importance of Being Constance
JOYCE BENTLEY *Robert Hale* £8.75
Mrs Oscar Wilde: A Woman of Some Importance
ANNE CLARK AMOR *Sidgwick & Jackson* £8.95

The aim of one of these biographies is to get a fair deal for Constance Wilde, while the other simply retells the Wilde story from the point-of-view of the wife. You get the impression that Joyce Bentley has gone quickly through her reference works, pouncing on every disparaging reference to her subject that leaps to the eye. She sets herself up as Constance Wilde's champion; Anne Clark Amor's approach is more dispassionate.

Certainly both provide evidence to indicate that Constance Wilde was not deficient in many of the qualities required by advanced society in the 1880s and 90s. She took an interest in Theosophy; she fell under the spell of the Aesthetic Movement and arranged her surroundings accordingly; she contributed articles to the magazine *Woman's World* (under her husband's editorship) on such topics of the day as muffs. Truly, she had her own areas of expertise. Constance, we learn from Anne Clark Amor, 'emerged as a natural leader in the realm of women's and children's clothing', speaking out bravely in support of rational dress. Joyce Bentley wonders if, when disaster overtook the family and Constance was left gamely pretending that things were normal, she ever thought of putting on a bustle: clothes loom large in the minds of all these ladies.

What were Constance's other activities? She supported the Suffrage Movement and belonged to the Women's Liberal Federation. She wrote two books of stories for children (the title page of the first one is included among the illustrations in the Bentley biography; oddly, it is only mentioned in passing in the text, and its successor not at all). She enjoyed the respect of many accomplished men and women, such as Lady Brooke, the Ranee of Sarawak, and Princess Alice of Monaco, who taught Constance to improve her Liszt (Joyce Bentley tells us). Both biographers assure us that Constance's sense of humour was as highly developed as anyone could wish.

What did Constance acquire by becoming the wife of the wittiest man in London? A House Beautiful, two sons, celebrity, romance for a time, a distinctive wardrobe, an enviable way of life. Among the glittering years, however, according to Joyce Bentley, was one fateful one: 1892, when Lord Alfred Douglas imposed his friendship on Oscar Wilde. Anne Clark Amor, who is more reliable in the matter of information, puts the year of the fateful meeting at 1891. Reading the Amor biography, you become aware of gaps and makeshift speculations in the other one. Constance's fall downstairs, for instance, which took place in 1895 and caused the injuries which killed her three years later, gets no direct reference from Joyce Bentley. 'Her back, injured in a fall downstairs some months earlier, was still giving her trouble', she says; this is the first we hear of it. Neither author has underestimated the importance of being earnest, when a story so rich in irony, fatality and tragic feeling is to be related; but one at least – Joyce Bentley – seems to have dispensed with diligence.

Anne Clark Amor is unquestionably the more conscientious and thorough of the two, and the only one to have produced a book of any consequence. The pedestrian and platitudinous elements in her style, however, have a discouraging effect on the reader. Neither biograher seems particularly susceptible to atmosphere, and neither shows that intangible affinity with her subject which is a characteristic of the best biographies. □

FICTION
Harriett Gilbert

A+

Slouching Towards Kalamazoo
PETER DE VRIES *Gollancz* £7.95
Shiloh
BOBBIE ANN MASON *Chatto* £7.95 & £3.95

'My old eighth-grade teacher, Miss Maggie Doubloon, said she was half Spanish, half French, and half Irish, a plethora of halves not entirely unnoticed by some of the brighter pupils.' Anthony Thrasher, the teenage narrator of **Slouching,** is certainly a brighter pupil – so bright, in fact, that he threatens to give the reader a splitting headache. An 'underachiever' when it comes to listing the chief products of Venezuela, he is nonetheless able to quote from obscure bits of Milton, or toss off a reference to Nietzsche. A Holden Caulfield-type cutie, in short – like his literary ancestor, only saved from total obnoxiousness by a hard core of genuine teenage angst, insecurity, enthusiasm, clumsiness and vulnerability.

Although he is only 13 years old when Maggie Doubloon informs him that she is carrying their child, it is not in honour of machismo, but of flailing, fallible striving that the author has named his young hero. *Slouching* is the account of an age – of adolescence, both in particular and general. While Tony Thrasher struggles in the net of moral (especially sexual) repression, freedom and responsibility, all around him the United States is doing much the same thing.

The book's title plays with Didion and Yeats. Its central game, however, is with Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter,* dragging that novel's tortured exploration of Puritanism into the second half of the 20th century. When Maggie Doubloon is 'pilloried' for her pregnancy, she defies the Bible Belt citizens by sporting a collarless shirt emblazoned, not with Hester Prynne's 'A' for adulteress, but a scarlet 'A+' for excellence (this being the mark that Tony once awarded her in bed).

> 'It's a watershed', my father said when I reported what I'd seen, 'a watershed in contemporary morals. She's broken American literature in two.' Watershed or not, and whatever might be said of Miss Doubloon as a pioneer in the moral sphere, there was no doubt of her innovation in another. I had been in at the birth of the 20th-century T-shirt.

Maggie goes on to get pleasantly rich by marketing those selfsame T-shirts; Tony goes on to grow up. Despite one or two very old and obvious jokes – and despite the initial irritation of Tony's nerve-scraping bumptiousness – the book, by and large, is funny and inventive. It is also astonishingly 'nice', its humour founded not on xenophobia, sexism or misanthropy, but on de Vries's continuing enjoyment of contradiction and ambivalence.

Shiloh is a quieter, tighter bit of fiction – a collection of stories by one of the authors featured in *Granta 8: Dirty Realism* (reviewed *NS* 8 July), whose pen-work is as devious and deadly as a razor blade. The book shares one concern with *Slouching:* the repressiveness of small-town morality. But that's where the sharing ends. Mason is never funny without being horribly painful.

That is not to say that her stories are depressing to read. On the contrary, their flawless observation, their poet's concentration of language, their infallible sense of rhythm, of proportion, of balance, assault the reader with an unbroken shock wave of pleasure. It's afterwards that depression creeps in. Norma Jean may finally tell her husband, 'I want to leave you', as they picnic among the gravestones of the Civil War battle ground at Shiloh; Edwin Creech, bus driver for a group of mentally retarded adults, may switch from his usual repertoire of 1960s music to give his passengers a burst of 'new-wave' sound – but all the characters, all the stories, stay firmly trapped in Kentucky. There, reality is genteel poverty; men making desultory searches for work; women making blackberry cobbler; while the television spews religion, old movies, news, *Charlie's Angels, The Tonight Show,* in a pre-digested mess across the floor.

Even Bill and Imogene, driving their camper cruiser to Florida, carry Kentucky with them. Even the family in 'Detroit Skyline, 1949', having been to the city and brushed against 'world events' (in this case McCarthyism), can't wait to get back to their 'little white house . . . (and) the tin roof of the barn.' As much as Mason understands about frustration – especially inarticulate, half-understood frustration – she also knows about fear, habit, and the need for security and order. She hones the edge of her powerful, troubling stories on the conflict between these desires. □

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Lydia Lopokova
ed. MILO KEYNES *Weidenfeld* £15

In a substantial 1975 collection of essays on his uncle John Maynard, Milo Keynes included Richard Buckle's offering on the economist's Russian ballerina wife, pointing out that, regarding artists, Bloomsbury often missed the point. Mention Lopokova to Vanessa Bell and, according to her grand-daughter Henrietta Cooper, she would respond with 'a tolerant but superior laugh'. Virginia Woolf, the most cutting, described her behaviour at Sunday tea as 'one shriek, two dances, then silence, like a submissive child with her hands crossed. At 30, this is pathetic'. Virginia was also press-ganged by Lydia into a *New Statesman* review of her Olivia in *Twelfth Night* and was, for once, meticulously polite.

Hers was not the personality to appeal to those of such sensibility: outspoken, lewdly subverting the English language, taking possession of JMK's affections. Even he found her embarrassing yet indispensable – Isaiah Berlin recalling her unlikely presence at the Lend Lease Stage II talks in Washington 1944.

Dance contributors provide more solid evidence of her distinction; after all, she was doubtless a force behind JMK, first chairman of the Royal Opera House's board of governors and founder of the Arts Council. Dame Ninette de Valois glows with (unreciprocated) praise chiefly for Lopokova's active part in founding the seminal Camargo Society in 1930; Sir Frederick Ashton thinks she was neither great ballerina nor brilliant technician but stresses her 'incredible charm', exuberance and influence; Anton Dolin was besotted by her exquisite stage presence. She was Massine's inspiration, Diaghilev's willing fallgirl. In 1975, in reclusive old age, she remarked of British ballet, 'And technique they do not have here in London now. They never had good teaching . . . Now . . . they do not know.'

Keynes skilfully assembles familial and professional contributions, tributes and even transcriptions of Lydia's BBC broadcasts to produce a surprisingly complete, not always flattering picture. He is uniquely placed to do so, and the result is valuable documentation for both literary and dance historians, the reappraisal of one formerly overlooked as a personality, forgotten as a figure.

Stephanie Jordan

The Fragrance of Guava
PLINIO APULEYO MENDOZA
and GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ
NLB £9.95 *Verso* £2.50

'I want the world to be socialist and I believe that sooner or later it will be', says Gabriel Garcia Marquez in conversation with his fellow Colombian novelist, Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza. The remark is by no means untypical, and one is surely justified in demanding definition or amplification of terms so grandly employed. Is the eventual world-socialism to be that of Garcia Marquez's friend Fidel Castro – who devotes nights to reading the novelist's manuscripts and correcting details? Or will it resemble that of another very great friend, President Mitterrand, who said to Garcia Marquez as he conferred an honour upon him, 'You belong to the world I love!', a sentence that brought them both to the verge of tears? Perhaps we come closer to Garcia Marquez's *real* political viewpoint in his disingenuous statement that he would welcome any government in his country that made the 'poor' happier. Garcia Marquez appears so caught up in his international, ambassadorial life – made possible, of course, through his own now considerable wealth, and the wealth of others – that he doesn't much concern himself with specifics.

Garcia Marquez is a highly original, lavishly gifted novelist whose *Hundred Years of Solitude* has won a place in the hearts of contemporary readers hard to parallel these last two decades. And when he talks about his art and the experiences that have fed it, it is altogether another matter. His account of how he has transmuted diverse early encounters of people and societies into an art which he realised from the first would have to be formally adventurous, innovative, is inspiring; we all have to impose imaginative patterns on inchoate life. And Garcia Marquez's Colombia becomes that world which we, of an older, bourgeois culture, have – and not innocently – shut out. Garcia Marquez displays, too, an exemplary tenderness when talking of his private life.

If only he could be content with this, if only the 'global village' and its media would leave him alone. It isn't as if his pronouncements on the world situation were of any great value. Of the Pope, hardly the staunchest of friends to Latin American socialism, he is content with his first impressions – 'very simple and very warm and almost ready to apologise for being Pope.' Would that he were!

For all the exasperations they give rise to, these conversations are greatly worth reading. They are admirably edited and shaped into an organic whole. And Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza's accounts of his friend's past life and present ways are models of charitable, informative writing.

Paul Binding

The English Novel: From the Earliest Days to the Death of Joseph Conrad
FORD MADOX FORD *Carcanet* £3.95

All writers of originality need their prejudices, though some are cleverer at disguising them than others. Ford Madox Ford was famous for waving his prejudices under people's noses, and saying loudly that he was doing so. Yet the effect (at least partly intended) was often to unmake his judgments even as they were being made; and into the resulting vacuum all sorts of unexpected and undoctrinaire enthusiasms were suddenly free to rush.

As a critic, Ford is especially remembered for his partisan work on behalf of the Flaubert-Henry James-Conrad dynasty in fiction, and there is plenty of that in this book. Although he mixes several separable criteria, the general division seems clear as regards cases: approved, on the one hand, are the Flaubertian novels of 'aloofness', of 'reality', of 'vicarious experience', of the non-intrusive author; anathematised, on the other, are novels of 'hypocrisy', of 'aspiration', of the pontificating narrator, of the happy ending. *Tom Jones* contains 'an immense amount of rather nauseous special pleading'; as for *Vanity Fair*, 'I imagine that the greatest literary crime ever committed was Thackeray's sudden, apologetic incursion of himself into his matchless account of the manoeuvres of Becky Sharp on Waterloo Day in Brussels.'

Yet the surprising thing is how Ford keeps managing to jump away from what might be expected to be the restrictive consequences of this view. Because he thinks the reader must be carried away into belief in the 'vicarious experience', he also approves of Bunyan, Defoe and Richardson. Vicarious literary experience is a social desideratum and, on the social count, Cranmer's Prayer Book, Captain Marryat, *Babbitt*, and much popular and children's fiction are welcomed in. Ford characteristically reminisces about shilling editions, bound in scarlet paper, which he bought at the age of 14. Artemus Ward, Sam Slick, Mark Twain, Carleton's *Farm Ballads*. In fact, he welcomes in far more than he casts out. Sympathy is the foundation of criticism, as of fiction itself.

The English Novel (a short essay, in no sense a handbook) is now republished for the first time since it came out in 1930. If it wasn't by Ford, it probably wouldn't have been thought worth hauling up from the river-bed. But it is by him, and for its sympathetic unpredictability it is still worth reading.

Richard Deveson

The Shopfloor Politics of New Technology
BARRY WILKINSON *Heinemann*
£14.50 & £5.95

Computerisation can be used as an excuse by managers to impose further controls over their workers, according to Barry Wilkinson who argues that the motive for introducing new technology into manufacturing industries is not purely competitive. Wilkinson has compiled four major case histories of companies which have computerised and uses these to illustrate his thesis. He tries to show why particular solutions were chosen and how the workers reacted to their new situation.

In one metal-plating factory the control of both the quality and quantity of the finished product was removed from the workers when the production line was computerised. The pre-setting controls were placed in a separate room, accessible only to the managers. The book contrasts this with more enlightened companies whose management by-passed the problem of decreasing job satisfaction by introducing job rotation or by training workers in the new programming skills. When computerisation took place in a machine-tool factory the operators objected to the new band of programmers taking over the creative side of their job. There was subsequently a minor battle for control of the editing function of the machine each time a new batch of tools was programmed in.

The book shows that in practice workers can seriously attempt to protect their own interests during the implementation and de-bugging of the new production technology. In the metal-plating factory the workers retaliated for their new machine-minding role by switching the machine to manual over-ride. They explained they didn't like the poor quality finish and high scrap rate achieved by the pre-set machine.

The case studies are all rather tentatively written and Wilkinson admits that they didn't include the managers' meetings where supervision and control were discussed – he wasn't allowed in! But he is critical of the fact that, during negotiations of new technology agreements, not enough attention is paid by unions to the nature and grade of the new work.

This book is not an easy read. It is repetitive, the case studies are anonymously and lifelessly written, and one begins to feel like a teacher marking a dull but worthy thesis. However, if readers can be bothered to wade through the mass of methodology they will find some interesting information on the day-to-day adjustments on the newly computerised shopfloor.

Caroline Berman

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ART
John Spurling

Junglies

The Sculpture Show
Hayward and Serpentine

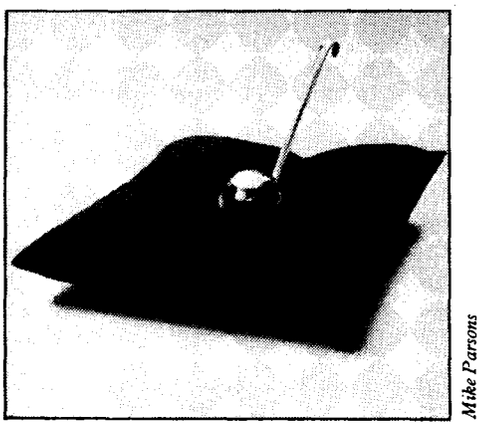
The *Sculpture Show* began as an idea of Bryan Robertson's. In place of the customary Hayward Annual and the late Summer Show at the Serpentine there was to be a single grand display of British sculptural muscle inside both galleries and in the areas surrounding them. All the generations from Moore through Caro and King to the youngest sculptors just out of art school would be included and displayed equally without respect for seniority. But the original idea has been largely set aside by the three selectors and what we have witnessed is the usual form of Hayward Annual and Serpentine Summer Show combined and enlarged, with the emphasis (33 out of 50 artists) on the generation aged between 25 and 40 and the inclusion of only some 12 token oldies and even fewer under-25s. Furthermore, the selectors have not worked in combination, but have each made a separate personal choice, so that the exhibition is really a melange of three different shows on four different sites – the Hayward, the South Bank, the Serpentine and Kensington Gardens. It is in no sense a comprehensive or authoritative survey of British sculpture.

Its virtues, however, are those of the generation it chiefly favours: high spirits, lack of inhibition, the inventive use of a wide variety of materials and references (especially compared to previous generations) a sense of showmanship, an awareness of there being an audience to be entertained. Two of the sculptors on the South Bank – John Maine in front of the National Theatre and Richard Harris in front of the Festival Hall – will be making their work under the eye of the public during the course of the exhibition. Sarah Bradpiece's enormous pink-tiled phallic dome (*Wash Station*) on a terrace overlooking the river is partly a joke at the expense of the permanent sky-line (a cheeky bid to rival Westminster and County Hall, Waterloo Bridge and St. Paul's) and partly an invitation to the public to throw away its inhibitions and do in the open what it normally does behind closed doors: the dome is surrounded by functional pink wash-basins where you can wash your hands wash-basins where you can wash your hands with pink phallic soap. And for clever-dicks *frisson* of washing their hands in memory of Duchamp's notorious urinal.

Meanwhile, over on another terrace in front of the Festival hall, Rachel Fenner's *Blind Watchers* is a mish-mash of ancient cultural references – Japanese, Egyptian, Aztec, Greek, Roman, and probably several I've missed – which stirred together become an epic Star-Wars-style tableau of the kind every child can recognise. The easy, if superficial, familiarity with a great diversity of cultures is perhaps the most obvious common denominator; this after all, is the generation which has grown up with and takes for granted the voracious tourism of the TV set. Fragmentary carvings in stone (Roger Partridge, Stephen Cox, Christine Angus), objects suggesting some primitive ritual (Judith Cowan, Alison Wilding, Shirazeh Houshiary, Anish Kapoor), the crumbling ruins of a castle or abbey (Richard Cole), reminiscences of baroque formal gardens (Jean-Luc Vilmouth, Raf Fulcher), archaeological digs (Antony Gormley, Richard Harris) or Old Master art (Stephen Cox, Gerard de Thame) crop up wherever you look. If artists as elderly as Bill Culbert (48), William Tucker (48) or Ian Hamilton Finlay (58) seem to chime with the rest, it is because they too are involved with these sorts of rites and references.

The other ubiquitous factor, which is also discernible in some of the archaeological brigade's works and which is no doubt also a response to our promiscuously eclectic media culture, is a kind of camp exoticism. The more humorous pieces in this vein, such as Andy Frost's and Julian Opie's structures on the Hayward balconies and Frost's *Camel* (with a Gatling gun attached to its hump) outside the Serpentine, are really an Eighties version of Pop Art, drawing their motifs mainly from the world of comic strips and boys' adventure stories. The more disturbing pieces, such as Hilary Cartmel's monstrous sea-creatures, Laura Ford's nightmare animals at the Serpentine, and Edward Allington's huge snail-shell spewing out plastic creepy-crawlies at the Hayward, are bred from Surrealism.

Scattered amongst this remarkably homogeneous crew of archaeologists and junglies are a few artists (mostly older and mostly selected by the sculptor Paul de Monchaux, himself an oldie) who are still austerely occupied with the formal properties of sculpture. Alas, in this jovial company of fantasists, they look sadly dull and earnest, reminding one of how seldom in the past



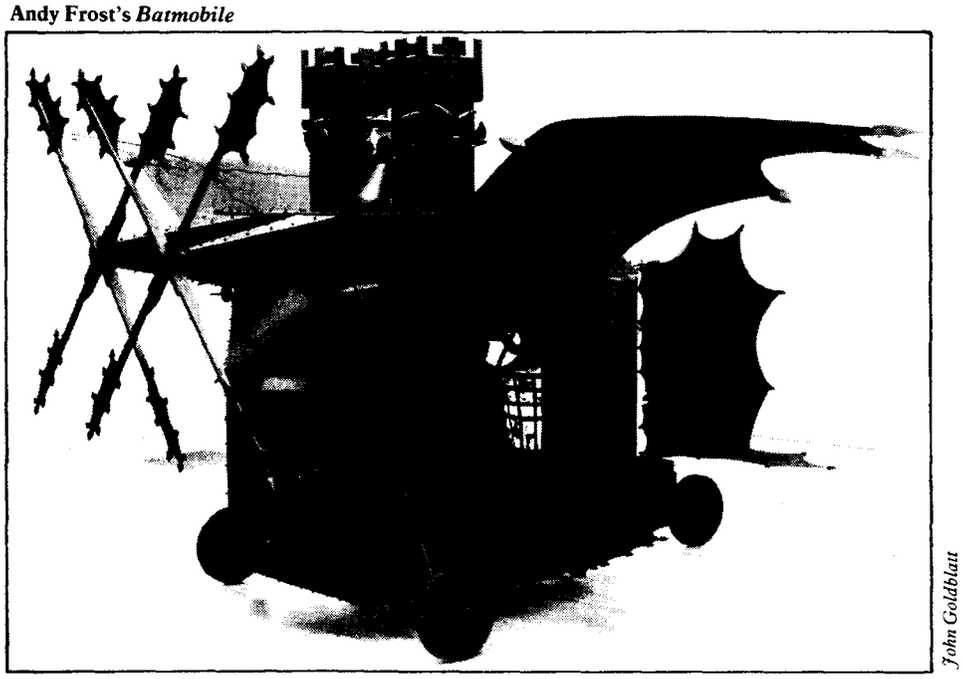
Mike Parsons

Richard Wentworth's *Peccadillo*

decade or so such a large mixed show would have been actually enjoyable. The reason is not, as the two younger selectors (Fenella Crichton and Kate Blacker) might incline to believe, that their own generation has improved on its predecessors, but that the best formal sculptors have been left out. Just as serious, contemplative work demands more of its audience than these pleasant jests and garish gewgaws, so it more ruthlessly separates the sheep from the goats among its practitioners. British sculpture has been in the van for much of this century, but its leaders can be counted on the fingers of two hands and its followers are best forgotten. This new generation comes on mainly as a crowd, to which questions of value are almost as irrelevant as if in a firework display one tried to find more meaning in a Catherine wheel than a salvo of rockets.

The immediate reaction is what counts and such resonance as there is consists in the playing off of a bright idea against the curious, unsuitable or even grotesque materials used to realise it. Andy Frost, for example, has taken discarded bits and pieces

Andy Frost's *Batmobile*



John Goldblatt

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of wood and metal from the Arts Council's own store to construct his giant toys, Bill Woodrow makes a cine-projector out of an old washing-machine, Kevin Atherton adds three bronze deck-chairs to the canvas ones already provided near the Serpentine. In the same way, although stone-carving is back in fashion, it is send-up carving, ironically contrasting the ponderous longevity of the material with the ephemerality of the idea committed to it. Stephen Cox hangs broken slabs of marble on the wall and paints on them, in double homage to the Renaissance and to a modern world in which such weighty exhibits can be hung up one day and taken down the next. Bill Culbert sets out glasses of red wine on a white table and lights them in such a way as to make their shadows resemble light-bulbs. But the prize for achieving pure shadow out of only too palpable substance with the greatest possible demonstration of hard labour must go to David Mach's *Polaris*, a nuclear submarine made entirely of 3,300 old car-tyres which has surfaced along the raised walkway between the Shell Building and the Festival Hall.

Yet just because the tyres shadow a submarine and not a light-bulb, a Batmobile or a Renaissance fresco, *Polaris* is one of the more serious works in the show. Most of these sculptors are as ready to fool about with the content as they are with the form and it's a relief that they are, since if there's one thing worse than a dull, earnest formalist it's a comedian with serious pretensions. Mach is not fooling, but conjuring a nasty spectre out of the detritus of our civilization. Material and subject belong uneasily together, both metaphors for what supports our easy-come-easy-go world, the ultimate deterrent as the ultimate product of the invention of the wheel.

Tyres figure again at the Serpentine in the work of the exhibition's major oldie. In Michael Sandle's sombre little black and green bronzes of tombs and catafalques, many with Second World War connections (*Downfall of the Third Reich, Shot-Down Pilot*), the tyres do duty as wreaths. In some ways – their interest in a ruined past, their boyish obsession with the paraphernalia of a period which has already turned into popular fantasy, their elements of ritual and Surrealism – these sculptures sort very well with the exhibition's prevailing trends, but at the same time they make most of it look pretty gimcrack and facile. Yes, of course, it's meant to look like that and to assert a sculptor's right to be ephemeral; but even ephemeral sculptors are only human. Let them once turn 40 and they'll all want their work to last for ever. □

Among this week's contributors:

JON COOK lectures in the School of English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia. he is co-author of *Romanticism and Ideology* (Routledge 1982).

HARRIETT GILBERT'S most recent novel, *The Riding Mistress*, was published by Constable earlier this year.

FILMS
Alan Brien

Childsplay

WarGames (PG)
Odeon, Leicester Square
The Outsiders (PG)
Warner, West End

Already, before its titles unroll, **WarGames** has its audience locked away in a nuclear rocket launch-pad, deep down at the bottom of a subterranean silo, behind relays of feet-thick steel doors. It is a measure of the success of John Badham's up-to-the-minute teenage adventure movie that wherever the camera roams afterwards, from the Seattle high-school boy's scruffy den, with its scattered underwear and its purring home-computer, to the top-secret headquarters of the US Defence Department, giant screens monitoring the globe in an arena the size of Madison Square Garden, we have an uneasy feeling the usherettes may be armed, and all the exits double-barred.

The prologue exerts an instant grip. A couple of jokey, joshing officers settle down at a bank of controls for a routine tour of duty, only to find that a Soviet attack has started and the counterstrike is under way. The senior man hesitates: 'Gonna get someone on the goddam phone before I kill 20 million people.' His aid cocks a pistol at his head: 'Turn your key. *Sir*.'

We are relieved, for the moment, to learn, as the film starts, it was only a simulation exercise, and then that 20 per cent of the key-turners, even believing it to be real, refused to obey orders. From now on, the President is advised, the Command Operation Centre must rely on machines, not men, and the human factor is removed from the loop.

But we, the audience, cut off from the rest of the world, are informed that this precaution has only made it easier for an outsider to penetrate the complex system by the back door and set the doomsday machine in action. This time it is David (the endearingly smart, yet naive, young Matthew Broderick) who, from his provincial, suburban bedroom, uses his technological skills to fake his exam results, book himself air-tickets to Europe he will never use, and enter into an electronic competition with a mysterious artificial intelligence called 'Joshua' which, we realise with genuine horror, could be the start of World War III.

Much of the plot is riddled with improbable holes and unlikely twists. David, roped in by the FBI and hauled before the top brass, escapes far too easily from what is represented as America's most secure government fortress. The hot line between Washington and Moscow is barely mentioned, and the decision makers keep on escalating their panic response, trusting the phantoms that 'Joshua' continues to project on their screens, despite David's confession. Finally, the future of humanity is only saved when the adults fall back, baffled, and permit the adolescent genius to take over the controls.

Nevertheless, Badham and his scriptwriters, Lawrence Lasker and Walter Parkes, manage brilliantly to keep our disbelief suspended, and allow the quickness of the footage to deceive the eye. Basically a schoolboy day-dream, a sophomore fantasy, it incorporates several sly, and subversive, insights into Pentagon paranoia. The FBI, deeply self-deluded about Red conspiracies, insist David is a classic Soviet pawn – a lone, scholastic under-achiever, alienated from his parents, lost in an unreal world. When David and his girl-friend (the dewy, enterprising Ally Sheedy, allowed for once, as a girl, to be an equal partner with the hero) seek out the creator of 'Joshua' in the idyllic, pastoral backwoods, a heron circles above their heads – it looks like an obvious cliché, but turns out to be a radio-controlled, inventor's toy.

The message of *WarGames*, spelt out by America's most sophisticated mechanical brain, is that the only way to win the nuclear-deterrent championship is 'not to play it'. If this is juvenile entertainment for the summer holiday customers, then all I can say is – let me join the queue.

The Outsiders is another kind of young folks' fodder from Hollywood I would like to believe will only pull in a few senile delinquents. I was tempted to describe it as *West Side Story* without the music, except that it drips with saccharine tunes, alternately portentous and oleaginous, written by the father of the director who, incredibly, turns out to be Francis Ford Coppola. The worst is the theme song, 'Stay Gold', characteristically inspired by a quote from Robert Frost, recited by one young tough to his buddy while hiding, on the run from a murder rap, in a ruined church.

The period is mid-Sixties, though this is never explained, and the site of the action is a small town, divided on strictly class lines into prowling proles, known as 'Greasers,' and patrolling pseudo-patricians, known as 'Socs', after a fashion that would seem a feudal hangover even in St Petersburg. It is based on a best-selling novel of the period, by a young girl who lived on the borderline (here trans-sexed into a boy), and was apparently brought to Coppola's attention by a petition from a number of high-school kids. I can only hope they were pulling his leg.

The result is a mess which gives the impression of having been put together in the director's, any director's, absence. The ages of the gangs are oddly at variance with their emotions and interests. A boy of 14 is belted by his elder brother for being out until two in the morning, but later taken by him on a midnight rumble between the two sides. When his best mate kills a Soc in an ambush, he is handed a revolver and 50 dollars by the brother's closest chum. □

John Coleman is on holiday.

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THEATRE
Christopher Edwards

Alien spirits

A Patriot for Me
JOHN OSBORNE *Theatre Royal, Haymarket*
Cowardice
SEAN MATHIAS *Ambassador*

A Patriot for Me has transferred from Chichester to the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and I can't understand why the critical response has been so muted. One critic spoke of the play's intellectual and moral haze, without offering an explanation of what (if anything) he had in mind. 'Humbuggery and buggery' was his witty little way of drawing attention to Osborne's plot – based upon Alfred Redl, a homosexual spy in the Austro-Hungarian imperial army; but the play is not 'about' homosexuality. Its subject is failure, a regular theme in Osborne's work.

And of course the play is 'about' betrayal; but of whom and of what? This is what makes it historically and (in particular) psychologically interesting. The Hapsburg Empire was not bound together either by geography or by nationality. It was the expression of a remarkable family's dynastic ambitions but provided its subjects with no real basis for national patriotism. Redl is the son of a Polish railway clerk who rises up the ranks of a German-speaking but cosmopolitan army. Unlike most of the officers, he is not of 'good' family, he has no connections as do his contemporaries von Taussig and von Kupfer; Redl succeeds through will, talent and charm, but the bonds of class and nation are extremely tenuous. Finally, and notoriously, his homosexuality puts him outside that other social bond, marriage: not, of course, that it necessarily *must*, as other officers of the same persuasion make 'career' marriages; but Osborne ensures that Redl develops distinctly Schopenhauerean impulses towards the fair sex. He becomes an out-and-out misogynist; his lovers fade away into dull marriages where nothing fine can survive.

Redl's final despair is that he, the successful Establishment officer, is as rootless as the reviled Jew of Hapsburg anti-Semitism. All he has is a loyalty to style, aesthetic of course: fine clothes, baroque furnishings and beautiful young men; but moral style too – the noble gesture, the ability to initiate and sustain spiritual communion (a predominantly male attribute in his eyes). But there is no institutionalised expression for mere style, nowhere for Redl's sense of himself to find a home; institutions console the individual and protect society – are these the politics of the play? Osborne has been a Tory for longer than anyone believed. I see, then, no intellectual haze, and the moral haze is central to the character's destiny.

The opening scene in the gymnasium is superb – tense, concise and full of atmosphere. Redl (Alan Bates) has volunteered as the Second in a duel involving an unpopular but handsome Jew called Sicynski who has been insulted, both racially and sexually; someone called him Fräulein Rothschild. In an excellently staged fight he is killed, but the nervous desultory chat that takes place before the opponent arrives tells us much about Redl. He is popular but inscrutable, sure-footed about his career but clearly capable of impulsive acts of indiscretion. In this scene, as throughout Ronald Eyre's production, black and white slides are used to project the numerous shifts of location, the effect of stark spaciousness being relieved, where necessary, by the judicious use of period props.

Alan Bates's performance is studiedly dry for the most part, his tight deliberateness generating a powerful sense of repression. Signs of the inner character are there of course – the tossing back of his head when speaking; is this nervous, prissy or haughty? Or the way he averts his eyes; shy or shifty? Bates projects all these qualities. His manner is refined, delicate but never camp, for campness so easily becomes degenerate style, as Redl finds in the drag-ball scene. There is a louche whimsicality about Baron von Epp's transvestite gathering, a sense of release and relief which contrasts vividly with the military formality of the Establishment ball seen earlier in the Hofburg palace. Redl, though, is irritated by the flirtations of a young drag artist, and exits with a fine Establishment click of his heels. He is an alien spirit and Bates, I think, carries you with him into this empty inner solitariness – a world without real communion; when he finds he has no resistance to Russian blackmail the audience treats the betrayal with the same stark acceptance as Redl himself.

Of the rest of the cast, David King is excellent as von Mohl, Redl's kindly, bluff, credulous superior. When Redl is exposed (money from Moscow in an envelope, a wardrobe full of women's clothing) Mohl's almost paternal shock is instantly digested in the best military manner into practical resolve. Redl is handed the inevitable revolver. Jonathan Coy, too, is a fine simple-minded heterosexual foil to Bates' Redl, but the most striking character performance comes from George Murcell. His cynical, boozy, vulgar Russian spy master earns your sympathy, and there is a glorious, drunken account of what he, a particularly crude specimen of heterosexual normality, looks for in a woman. This is a highly recommended production, to be seen before Bates is tempted away to some lucrative film role.

Sean Mathias's first play, **Cowardice**, brings us Boy, a retarded would-be actor trapped in a fantasy world where the late Noel Coward is dictating a new play to him, *Public Death*. Boy lives in semi-incestuous union with his sister Babe, a failed actress, whom he forces, with childish ruthlessness, to rehearse, endlessly, a play that will never be finished. The piece (Mathias's not Coward's) sounds quite smart in places (as intended) and touches, at times, a poignant and despairing note; the pastiche Coward songs are pretty good too. But I'm afraid the debut is not a success for Mathias: the clumsy expository sections show that he hasn't mastered the art of play-making. I can't pretend I enjoyed the evening, but I refuse to line up with those critics who shout shock horror at the involvement of Ian McKellen, Janet Suzman and director Anthony Page. I imagine the run will be brief and inglorious, but I find it reassuring that two leading actors are willing to chance it in this way. □

TELEVISION
Mary Harron

White wine

A CASTLE on a hill. A lake shrouded in mist. A boat sails slowly, majestically, towards us, and we wait breathlessly to find out what this particular film is advertising. It could be one of these clever chocolate ones, but a castle usually means white wine. Romantically garbed 19th-century figures strut back and forth, swinging their cloaks, the way they do in advertisements, barking about Napoleon. Is it Courvoisier? No, it's **The Charterhouse of Parma**, Channel 4's new Euro-production that turns that enchanting novel into a glossy little cultural package. There should be a cue for a sonorous voice-over here: 'Stendhal . . . dry, sparkling, with a hint of romance. Stendhal . . . for the viewer who appreciates fine French novels.'

Directed by Mauro Bolognini and adapted by Jean Gruault, with a Euro-cast (Italian, French, Swiss etc), dubbed into banal English, the series is intended to bring Stendhal to a wide audience. Nothing should be easier, given such a thrilling action-filled plot, a huge budget and authentic settings. But something awful has happened, in whatever compromises go into making an international co-production, to take the life and character out of the book. What it needed was an *attitude* to the book but, having no particular style or vision of its own, the series draws on a huge reservoir of costume drama clichés.

I'll keep watching, for the plot I suppose – but the casting is wretched. Fabrizio (Andrea Occhipinti) is acceptable, if you like male models, but ten years too old. Gian Maria Volonte offers hope as Count Mosca, but Marthe Keller is a bizarre choice as the Duchess Sanseverina. 'She's so reckless, so headstrong', the other characters mutter, tossing their cloaks, as Marthe wanders about smiling enigmatically, placid as a Swiss cheese.

The Phil Spector documentary **Da Doo Ron Ron** (C4) was preceded by a Clearasil advertisement, as was only fitting for that producer of epic teenage dreams. The musical numbers had their share of clichés,

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drawn in this case from the reservoir created by rock videos: travelogue images of surfing and roller skates. The format, in which the narration was done by DJ Rodney Bingenheimer via a transistor radio, was needlessly tricksy; but it was rather charmingly amateurish, the interviews were superb and it was the fairest portrait of a rock-n-roll personality I've ever seen.

It was fair because director Binia Tymieniecka didn't blink from Spector's genuine nastiness. Songwriters Leiber and Stoller appeared as two bald eminences, and Jerry Lieber announced coolly: 'If there's such a thing as a bad guy, it's Phil Spector. He's not honourable and he's not honest.' Bumps Blackwell, who produced Little Richard and Sam Cook, told us, 'His work was always clichéd and he stole – and I say that with capital S-T-O-L-E – from black musicians, singers, writers and producers, including myself.' Darlene Love, Spector's finest singer, told us about her royalties: one cheque for $3,000 in 20 years, after millions of records sold.

Spector stayed locked up in his Los Angeles mausoleum and never appeared, but the sound track was his best defence. If this programme diminished his reputation as a man (never too high), the records stand up. There was a nice little cameo of Albert Goldman, author of the famous hatchet biography of Elvis. Purse-lipped and venemous, Goldman lisped out his condemnation: 'When you first hear these records you're sort of awestruck. Was there ever anything this blatant, this vulgar, this loud, this gross, this calculated, this commercial?' The camera froze, leaving him gasping like a fish, as the vulgar (and unequalled) magnificence of 'River Deep, Mountain High' thundered across the sound track.

Mike Stoller said Spector had given rock-and-roll public relations, but if so it destroyed him, because no producer was ever so trapped in his own success. His wife Ronnie, of the Ronnettes, said, 'Anything anyone wrote about him, he reproduced it. They said he was a mad genius, so he became a mad genius. They said he was a recluse, so he became a recluse . . . I think he's so afraid to go back in to the studio in case it's not a hit and people start saying he's not such a genius after all.' He had one perfect moment in the early 60s, and never recovered . And maybe that was all he could have because, as Sonny Bono said, 'everything he did was perfect, but it was always that one wall of sound.' But what a sound.

Channel 4 has done us all well this summer. Well, **One Summer,** by Willie Russell – although he's had his name removed for impenetrable reasons – began well as a portrait of warped inner-city youth but it is slipping inexorably into lovability and a dewy-eyed social message. But I can forgive them everything for showing **Invisible Agent,** a World War II thriller of unparalleled absurdity in which Peter Lorre appeared as a Japanese officer. Now *that* was an international production. □

ARCHITECTURE
Jules Lubbock

Gold bricks

LAST SUNDAY in *The Observer* Michael Manser, president of the RIBA, wrote a defence of modern architecture. He lamented the fact that the British, who had in recent years produced some of the best modern 'qualified' architects in the world, preferred reproduction 18th-century architecture. Who was to blame? Not the general public, who had voted in favour of Richard Rogers' high-tech National Gallery extension. Not the few 'accredited' architectural correspondents, but 'general architectural comment in the press', which was of 'the most negative and reactionary nature.'

His remedy was for more 'constructive discussion and explanation' to extend the public's interest and pleasure. In other words the RIBA should extend its existing monopoly over 'qualified' architects to architectural criticism, which should be taken out of the hands of laymen and general reporters with a concern for social issues.

My complaint is that his proposal does not go far enough; the City should be covered by connoisseurs of tax evasion, and sexual offences by convicted rapists. Whereas much 'constructive' architectural criticism is already produced by sadists who enjoy spasms of aesthetic delight over buildings which are the agents of the most exquisite torture to their occupants. What really needs to be stamped out is the lay criticism produced by community groups at planning inquiries (which must be abolished) or that which brought matters to a head over Norman Foster's superb modern housing scheme in Milton Keynes. Only then will modern architecture be free to flourish. However I am happy to report that the conduct of the professional architectural press leaves noth-

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ing to be desired. There the 'qualified' architect freely exercises his monopoly.

I WOULD LIKE to illustrate this felicitous state of affairs with a tale of an assignment I did recently for the *Architects' Journal*, the best technical journal of its kind. They asked me at 24 hours' notice to review the new theatre at Winchester College, converted by a leading left-wing architects' co-operative from a fine Gothic Revival gymnasium at a cost of £130,000 and funded by the multi-million 600th Anniversary Appeal. It is the first stage in a £600,000 Arts Centre. I was busy, I didn't want to write about public schools; but after considerable pressure and flattery I agreed to go. My brief was restricted to the architecture; the theatrical aspects would be dealt with by a drama expert.

On my return I explained to the editor that architecturally it was a most sensitive conversion, but that I could not avoid the issue of educational privilege. He in turn reminded me of the recent reports of HM Inspectors of Education on the effect of cuts on local authority schools – subjects disappearing from the curriculum because specialist teachers could not be replaced, and so on.

MY PIECE began by pointing out that since the Anniversary Appeal was an educational charity all covenanted donations were tax-refundable. So up to £38,000 (30% of the cost) might have come from public funds. Now this corresponded to the cost of the most notable architectural feature, a splendid new portico, the architects' fees and other refinements. Hence all that was of major architectural interest had been publicly funded, and might have paid for a drama workshop in Toxteth, five junior teachers, or 20,000 text-books in the public sector. I could only surmise that this expenditure by so public-spirited an educational charity was intended as a gift for the use of all the people of Winchester. My 'constructive' critique followed. (Interestingly, even the Director of the Independent Schools' Information Service recently urged such schools to justify their charitable status by opening their facilities to the community.)

YOU MAY imagine my surprise when I was telephoned by the senior architect the very day that my piece arrived at the *A.J.* It had been sent to him by messenger, and he did not like it. Why not? Because the headmaster would infer that the architects had put me up to it to assuage their social consciences. It could lose them the contract for the next stage of the Arts Centre – worth £50,000 in fees.

But why had the firm been shown my article? Architects hold copyright over working drawings – so they can censor any discussion which depends upon these. The upshot was that my piece was not published, even in a 'constructive' version edited by the firm itself. Could Mr Manser ask for more?

Still more fascinating to me were the complex transactional linkages which turned upon the major architectural feature, the £18,000 portico. I was told that the architects would only do the job if money was found for the portico, otherwise it was too run-of-the mill. This probably suited the school because the Appeal was apparently not going well, and perhaps they needed a fund-raising bait. If so, then the architects were employed to design a fund-raising gimmick.

My role, and that of the *Journal*, was to furnish glowing 'constructive' copy for a glossy off-print, with the portico on the cover, which Winchester would hand round to potential benefactors. There is more to architecture than meets the eye. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2784 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Excerpts, please, from unpublished children's books by Henry James, Kafka, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Samuel Beckett or whomever. 150 words max by 2 Sept.

No 2781 Set by F. R. Spofforth

The Double Dactyl Comp.

Report By Jack Russell

A splendid entry. Certain double-dactylic names made frequent appearances, and I'm sorry none of the Alfred Lord Tennysons, Emily Dickinsons, Hugo von Hofmannstahls, Gloria Vanderbilts or Engelbert Humperdincks quite measured up. An Iron Duke apiece to the lucky few.

Chuffity-puffity
Anna Karenina
Suffered unduly from
Chauvinist males

Setting her up as an
Author-itarian
Warning to ladies who
Go off the rails.

PETER WOMACK

Higgledy-piggledy
Ludovic Kennedy
Dresses with care when he
Goes on the box;

Viewing a tie of such
Respectability,
Would you have guessed that he
Doesn't wear socks?

WENDY COPE

Finagle, fonagle,
William McGonagall,
Writing to celebrate
Scotland in rhyme,

Brought to his verses a
Verisimilitude
That will be praised for a
Very long time.

TONY SUMNER

Oedipus-Schmoedipus
Laurence Olivier
Acted the Dane in an
Irvingesque mood;

That is to say he was
Superabundantly
Funny without being
Vulgar or crude.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Flibberty-gibberty
Josephine Bonaparte
Thought she had landed one
Helluva lad

Till he with typical
Megalomania
Married a Hapsburg and
Proved she'd been had.

MARIE HERBERT

Scribbledy-wibbledy,
Christopher Isherwood,
I've never heard of you,
Did you exist?

Carol, my office mate,
Coincidentally,
Says you wrote *Cabaret*.
I think she's pissed.

MARK TAVENER

Rickety-tickety,
Herbert von Karajan,
Lightning conductor, mit
Sturm und mit Drang.

Some say he suffers from
Megalomania . . .
God's declined offers as
His Doppelgang.

MERCEDES MADDOX MERCEDES

Hickory dickory
Theodore Roosevelt
Carried a big stick for
Foreign affairs.

His speech was notably
Anti-belligerent,
And he baptised all the
World's teddy bears.

ROY KELLY

Hicorus-dicorus
Benedict Nightingale
Tells *NS* readers the
Plot of a play.

Why purchase tickets? It's
Uneconomical
Paying to see what I
Read yesterday.

V. ERNEST COX

Chungalow-bungalow
Hans Christian Andersen
Told of sweet mermaids who
Grace the sea-bed.

When people pressed him for
Gynaecological
Details, he stammered and
Went very red.

GEORGE SIMMERS

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FIRST PERSON

Anna Coote

Entering the race

WITH HINDSIGHT I know it was right and proper that I should have attended Isabella's birth. At the time I was uncertain whether it was happening, and not entirely sober. I had been having supper at a restaurant near the hospital – three of us, all close friends of the mother-to-be, eating nice French food at a pavement table. Isabella was already ten days late and due to be induced that day, so at about 9.30 we decided to check out the action. Mellowed with wine and garlic and the warm night, we trooped along to Maternity.

A nurse told us firmly no visitors were allowed, but I sleuthed out the labour ward and pushed the door ajar. All was quiet and, since it was early in what I assumed to be an average labour, I hoped I might blow her a kiss in a lull between contractions.

To the left of the darkened room, the backs of three medical people loomed between me and my good friend, masking everything from view except her head and shoulders. To the right, her husband lent towards her, nuzzling her cheek. A single light above the bed illuminated her face, and I was glad to see that she was neither sweating, nor moaning, nor writhing. She was, in fact, smiling. Having no experience in these matters I couldn't guess what stage had been reached. But the heavy medical presence deterred me from delivering my greeting. After a brief consultation with my fellow visitors, we agreed it was far too early for the baby to have been born, and anyway we'd be in trouble if we didn't go soon. We left.

Next day, between joyful grandmothers at the bedside, I met Isabella for the first time. A perfect child with large, powerful-looking feet, she may become a fine athlete. Certainly she started out with an impressive sprint down the birth canal, arriving shortly before 10.00 the previous night. Had she put on an extra burst to make sure I was there at the finishing line? As I say, it would have been right and proper.

AMONG MY contemporaries, babies don't just *happen* any more. We've become too independent for that, too much in charge of ourselves. So we have the terrifying task of making up our minds. And female friends play their part.

Thus, my relationship with Isabella began many years ago – exactly when I can't recall, but it was probably sitting in my favourite chair by the gas fire in her mother's kitchen. Through countless hours of gossip (without which the world would not turn), between coffee cups and whisky glasses, in and out of shifting preoccupations as we weighed and measured the freight of passing years, we wove the first threads of today's tiny athlete. Casual consideration of Isabella . . . certain desire for Isabella . . . minimum conditions for Isabella . . . dashed hopes of Isabella . . . bleak prospects without Isabella . . . new love promising Isabella . . . Isabella planned . . . Isabella triumphantly conceived . . . Isabella tested and declared fit to enter the human race. And she made it – what a champion! It was fitting, you see, that I should have been there, however haphaphazardly: I helped to *think* her into existence.

Now she joins a special band, arriving thick and fast in the year of '83, treasured first-born of my friends in the fourth decade. Surely they won't merge with the crowd, this lot. They have been so carefully thought-out, conjured into such fully-furnished worlds, to be raised by such forceful, accomplished individuals.

Will they meet each other and eventually swap notes? Will Isabella say to Harry (for instance) in 2001, the year they cast their first votes, that she can always spot another child of a Seventies feminist? Will they celebrate or curse their exceptional parents? Will they be marked out as a phenomenon and studied by sociologists: the Now-or-Never Generation? Will they form a mutual support group to help them deal with their unconventional origins?

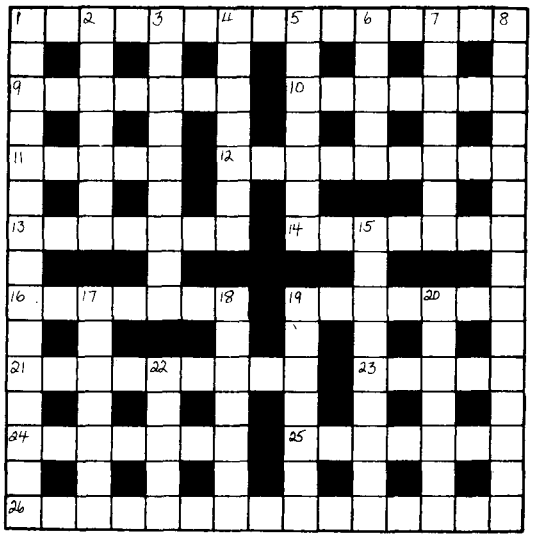
I CAN'T EASILY explain why I'm still the one who hovers around the maternity wards, placing bulk orders for non-sexist toys, and why I'm not in there doing it myself. I complain about it quite often, but if I inspect the tenor of the complaint it resembles the way I have regretted not being five foot nine, or having a talent for music, more than any expression of injustice or unfulfilled need.

If I were a man I suspect I would be one of those modern enthusiasts for parenthood who so subtly oppress their women. Wanting children, exulting in the newborn, cuddling the baby, playing with the toddler, changing nappies, giving baths, reading stories – and then sloping off to do something indefinably more urgent.

It is not so much that there is a gap in my life where a child ought to be, more that there's not enough space to fit one in. House full: booked out to the end of the season. □

Weekend Crossword 1411

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1411, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 30 August.



ACROSS

1. Still dream lives are changed for a second (6,9)
9. Same dress (7)
10. A bit of sea gives welcome to a novice in the water (7)
11. Fruit in the bed Rupert is picking (5)
12. Sticklers for rules keep a roll among members (9)
13. Drab and without a man, by the sound of it (7)
14. Raced with a crazy interrupter in fast time (7)
16. Dish for a man after the knight returns (7)
19. Taking a gamble with a mountain, he incites one to error (7)
21. Tinder for the superstitious? (9)
23. Descendant even if he loses 101 (5)
24. Foodstuffs lie mixed up with unmade beds (7)
25. In room 100, confused and feebleminded (7)
26. Part of Bible with which to exercise discipline over soldiers in camp (3,12)

DOWN

1. Call to come back when free hot teas returned (5,3,7)
2. In Italy you are certain to discover idleness (7)
3. Running away from a little work in principle (9)
4. Speaks indistinctly as in South Wales (7)
5. Old lady discovers the wit in an actor (7)
6. Even with a woman in the fifties (5)
7. Unfit employed but not well treated (7)
8. In general in exchange STD is run with caution (5,10)
15. Loose morals met as a cause of destruction (9)
17. Creature which may appear as a ruin (7)
18. Animal which is so backward in amount of work (7)
19. Name of islands in Scotland a manufacturer owns (7)
20. Treaty of Versailles? (7)
22. A terrible place with nothing to provide a welcome (5)

SETSQUARE

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APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
Department of Land Economy

RESEARCH OFFICER

The University of Cambridge hopes to appoint a researcher to work on a project, funded by the Department of the Environment, into the impact of non-domestic rates on the location of industrial and commercial employment. Applications are invited from graduates in economics or geography or related disciplines. A knowledge of quantitative methods is preferred. The initial appointment will be until **30 September 1984.**

Salary within the range £5,880 to £9,425 p.a.

Further details are available from Mr S. Fothergill, Department of Land Economy, 19 Silver Street, Cambridge CB3 9EP.

The closing date for applications is: 9 September, 1983.

Cities of London and Westminster

INDUSTRY AND EMPLOYMENT DEVELOPMENT UNIT

RESEARCH WORKER

Cities of London and Westminster Trades Council have set up a unit to produce a local alternative economic strategy. A Development Worker has been appointed.

The Research Worker should preferably have: trades union experience, good communication skills, administrative ability, as well as research capability.

Salary AP5 SC28 **£8,925** (inc. London Weighting), 35-hour week. Please send for details, enclosing sae to:

CLWIEDU, Derry House, Penfold Street, London NW8 by 31 August

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Maths, English, Technical Drawing Teachers, secondary level; EFL Primary/Middle School for International School, Maputo. 2-year contracts, modest living allowance and flights. Regret no funding for dependants.

Write for details with short cv and sae: International Voluntary Service, NS5, 53 Regent Road, Leicester LE1 6YL

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Application forms and further details from: The Recruitment and Personnel Officer, Comprehensive Housing Service, 13-27 Station Road, Wood Green, London N22. Telephone 01-889 5815 (24-hour answering service) or 01-881 3000, Ext. 3033.

CLOSING DATE: 2 September 1983.

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AUT *ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS*

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

The Association of University Teachers wishes to appoint a research assistant to work in its research department. The person appointed will be a graduate and have an interest in trade unions. The work will involve the maintenance of the Association's research records and statistics and the development of the existing microcomputer facilities for financial, statistical and survey analyses, in addition to policy work on educational issues. Some committee support work will also be involved.

Starting salary will be within the range **£7,496** to **£11,061** (inclusive of London Allowance) according to age and experience.

Apply by 16 September 1983 with a c.v. to: The General Secretary, AUT, United House, 1 Pembridge Road, London W11 3HJ, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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Applicants should possess academic qualifications in research and teaching within the general field of industrial relations. The prime responsibility of the appointee will be teaching courses in industrial relations for engineers, and in Australian historical developments. Preference will be given to applicants with University teaching experience in contemporary Australian industrial relations, issues and policies, longitudinal research in institutional problems and commitment to transdisciplinary analysis and perspective.

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Applications including curriculum vitae, list of publications and names of three referees by **30 September 1983** to the Registrar, University of Sydney, NSW 2006, Australia, from whom further information is available. Enquiries to Professor John Corina, Head of Department of Industrial Relations. Further general information also available from Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

IMMIGRATION COUNSELLOR

UK Immigrants Advisory Service seeks an Immigration Counsellor for its London Office. Duties include advising and representing immigrants at appeal hearings or making representations on their behalf to the Home Office. legal background preferred.

Salary: Trainee from **£7,398**. Counsellor from **£8,325.**

Application form and job description available from Deputy Director (Admin.), UKIAS. 7th Floor, Brettenham House, Savoy Street. London WC2E 7EN.

Closing date for completed applications is **2 September 1983.**

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

DEPARTMENT OF ADULT AND CONTINUING EDUCATION

LECTURER

Applications are invited for the above post for a fixed period of up to three years to begin as soon as possible. Qualifications and special interests in teaching **INDUSTRIAL STUDIES** to trade unionists.

Salary on the Academic Scale for Lecturers (**£7,190-£14,125**) according to age, qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from **the Registrar, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT,** quoting reference number **26/29/H** to whom applications should be addressed. Closing date for applications: **5 September 1983.**

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LISTINGS

SAT 20 AUGUST

LEICESTER Disarming Arguments – a day, workshop on improving techniques of debate and discourse against the bomb, 9.30-5.30pm Students' Union Building, University of Leicester. Adm. £1/50p unwaged. **Details Leicester CND, 35 Friar Lane, Leicester 0533-57228.**

LONDON Workshop to draft proposals for a Labour Party Euro-Manifesto. 2.30pm 48 Boundary Road (Downstairs area) NW8. **Org: International Foundation Left Europe (UK Group) Details: Rosemary Ross, 21 Connaught Rd, Harpenden, Herts. 05827 5399.**

TUES 23 AUGUST

NEWCASTLE-upon TYNE Socialist Social 8-11.30pm Trinity Courtyard, Quayside. Dancing, Live Bands, Food. Tickets £1/50p unwaged from Days of Hope, 115 Westgate Rd. **Org: Moorside Labour Party 0632 815571.**

FORTHCOMING

24 AUG-11 SEPT London vigil 'No intervention in Central America' 9-7.30 daily outside US Embassy, Grosvenor Sq. **Org: NICA 01-226 6747 x 52.**

27 AUG Porton Down. Picnic celebration of Life. **Contact Porton Down Action Group, Box 100, c/o 143 Charing Cross Road, London WC2 01-734 2691.**

27 AUG-4 SEPT Bramdean Public talks and discn. lead by Krishnamurti, revolutionary religious speaker. Brockwood Park Educational Centre, Bramdean, Nr. Alresford, Hants 11.30am daily. Details of train and coach arrangements from London. **Bramdean 228.**

31 AUG London Rally on 3rd anniversary of Solidarnosc and 15 years since invasion of Czechoslovakia. 6pm Speakers Corner, Hyde Park. Spkrs incl former Solidarity internee. Org by groups supporting Solidarity in UK and Charter 77 Club. **Details 01-837 9464.**

2 SEPT London 'Trade Unions in Africa – The Struggle for Development'. Spkrs Ben Obua, of Nigerian Labour Congress, Carl Wright, Director of Commonwealth Trade Union Council. Chair Joan Lestor. 7.30pm Royal Commonwealth Soc, Northumberland Ave, WC2. **Org. World Development Movement 01-836 3672.**

2 SEPT Edinburgh Peace – is it a feminist issue? Mixed workshop at Edinburgh Book Festival, 3-5pm, Marquee on Charlotte Sq Gdns, 50p. The opportunity for men and women to hear the issues surrounding women-only peace groups and discuss the implications. Also Violence, Non-violence and Feminism. Women only workshop. 7-10pm, Crosswinds, 2 Earl Grey St. Discussion of whether peace can or should be achieved by violent means and what connection there is between violence against women and violence against other countries. **Contact Cass McGrogan 031-556 5329.**

3 SEPT Oxford Operation Major: one day conference to discuss the ruthless police/DHSS swoop on homeless and unemployed in Oxford in Sept 1982 and subsequent events. Fee £1.50, less for unwaged. **Org Oxford Claimants Defence Committee. Contact CDC, 44b Princes St, Oxford 0865-723750.**

3 SEPT Manchester Demonstration 'Our Families! Our Right! Assemble Oxford Road, Mancunian Way Overpass (nr. University) 2pm. **Org. Bangladesh Divided Families Campaign, c/o Bangladesh Cultural Centre, Main Road, Oldham Lancs. 061-678 4742.**

3-10 SEPT London Festival for Peace and Freedom in Latin America. Sat 3rd Purcell Room 2.30-5pm Daniel Viglietti and others. Royal Festival Hall, 7.30pm Inti Illimani, John Williams. Box Office 01-928 3191. Sun 4th Cuban Ballet, London Contemporary Dance, Holly Near, Bloomsbury Theatre 7.30pm. Tickets £4 Box Office 01-387 9629, 5th-9th National Film Theatre. 10 separate screenings of progressive Latin American films incl *Battle of Chile* Box Office 01-928 3232. Fri 9th Caribbean Night at ULU, Malet St, 7pm Calypso, poems, reggae. Tickets £2.50 01-272 4298. Sat 10th All-Day Festival films, theatre, video, mime, painting, singers from El Salvador and Nicaragua, lots for children, £2/£1 unwaged at Imperial College. **Details CSC 129 Seven Sisters Road, N7 01-272 4298.**

4 SEPT London Holly Near performs for Chile at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket (7th Sept Town Hall, Leeds, 8th Sept Guild Hall, Cambridge.) **Details Bill McLellan 01-272 4298.**

6 SEPT Blackpool 'Trade Unions and the Third World – The Struggle for Development' – TUC Congress Fringe Meeting. Spkrs incl Ben Obua, Moss Evans. 5.30pm Claremont Hotel, 270 North Promenade. **Org. World Development Movement, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8HA 01-836 3672.**

7 SEPT Blackpool 'Where there is no vision' Spkr Colin Barnett, Sec NW Regional TUC. 8pm Central Methodist Church, 18 Adelaide Street. **Org. Christian Socialist Movement.**

9-11 SEPT Manchester Who needs? Who cares? Conference at Manchester University to examine increasing needs and decreasing resources in community care and unemployment. Spkrs incl David Blunkett, Michael Meadowcroft MP, Elizabeth Peacock MP, Dr Judith Grey. Cost £49. **Org Councils for Voluntary Service (National Association). Details Janet Harrison, 26 Bedford Sq, London WC1 01-636 4066.**

9-11 SEPT Brighton CND Skill Sharing Week and workshop, Lansdowne Centre. Creche, overnight accom available, £8/£5 unwaged. **Details: Delia Warnes, Basement Flat, 22 Gladstone Pl, Brighton 0273 672545.**

10 SEPT London ILEA Manifesto Consultation 10-5 County Hall, SE1. Parents and students welcome to put views on educational priorities. **Details Steven Cowan Greater London Labour Party Education Policy Working Party, 22 Damien Court, Damien Street, E1.**

11 SEPT Clerkenwell Green 1pm Demonstration by Chile Solidarity Campaign – part of Festival for Peace in Latin America. **Details CSC 01-272 4298.**

17-18 SEPT Glasgow Working Conference called by Polish Solidarity Committee to discuss Democratic forms of social organisation in Czechoslovakia 1968 and Poland 1980-81; The peace movements in Eastern Europe; 'Situation of women in Eastern Europe'; Developing solidarity with the people of Eastern Europe. **Details Gordon Morgan, 59 Durward Ave, Glasgow G41 041-549 8958.**

17-18 SEPT London Socialist Society Summer School. 'No Turning Back' at County Hall, SE1. Workshops on extra-parliamentary democracy – local and industrial resistance, the future of the Left and socialist internationalism. **Details 9 Poland St W1 01-734 8501.**

18 SEPT London. 'Leg it against the bomb' 10 mile sponsored slog for CND around Hyde Park from 11am at Holland Park, 4-5pm decorated legs comp. Find sponsors. **Forms available from CND, 11 Goodwin St, N4 3HQ Carol Freeman 01-263 0977.**

22 SEPT London. 'Sexuality and Self-Identity in Feminist Politics: Past and Present' first of 24-week course 6.30pm at 42 Queen Square, WC1. Tutors: Sally Alexander and Barbara Taylor. **Details 01-828 3735.**

23-25 SEPT Bristol, 'Politics and the Locality'. Wkend Conf. **Org Dept of Extra-Mural Studies, University of Bristol in assoc with The Politics Assoc.**

23-25 SEPT Keele '14-18: The New Vocationalism in School and Further Education'. ATSS Annual Conf at The University of Keele, Staffs. **Details: D. Glasson 0782 621111 Extn 299. Org Assoc for the Teaching of Social Science.**

23-25 SEPT Birmingham Campaign Strategy Weekend Org West Midlands CND. St Francis Hall Birmingham University. Accommodation available (bring sleeping bag). £9 first come/-first served. **Details and booking 54 Allison St, Digbeth, Birmingham. 021-632 6909.**

23-25 SEPT Sheffield International Conference: 'A Socialist Framework for Europe and Democratic Socialists in the Peave Movement' Sheffield University. **Details Rosemary Ross, 21 Connaught Road, Harpenden, Herts. 05827 5399. Org International Foundation Left Europe.**

24 SEPT Leicester 'Childbirth Today' Michel Odent – pioneer of active birth in France. 10-12.30pm £5. **Org Leicester Active Birth Conf, 9 Cross Green, Rothley, Leicester. 0533 374285. ALSO 3pm at Ivenhoe College, Ashby.**

27 SEPT London 'Carry on helping OXFAM carry the can. . . Will YOU?' 1500 collectors needed for Oxfam London Flag Day Street Collection in aid of Disaster and Emergency Relief. **Phone 01-874 7335/01-348 4225 Oxfam, PO Box 3, 4 Replingham Rd, London SW18.**

7-9 OCT Whitby Whitby Labour Party 4th Annual Weekend School. 'Local Government – a Socialist perspective'. Spkrs incl David Blunkett, Bob Cryer. Cheap accommodation, creche. **Details: Sue Griffiths, 23 Anchorage Way, Whitby, N. Yorkshire YO21 1NU. 0947 605849.**

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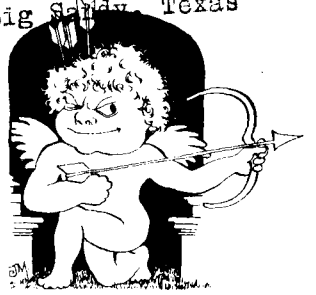

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